3

FALSE APPEARANCES;

A

COMEDY.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH,

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Bensley Charles

BY THE

Right Hon. GENERAL CONWAY.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. CHAMBERLAINE, GILBERT, BYRNE, WOGAN, GRUEBER AND M'ALLISTER, J. JONES, MOORE, DORNIN, BUTLER, CORBETT, AND W. JONES.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To Miss FARREN.

Dear Madam,

DEDICATIONS are ſomething like the ornaments uſed by your ſex, and like moſt of thoſe worn by yourſelf, which, where great natural beauty is, receive more vogue and grace from the wearer than they give.

I know *this* can add little to your praiſe or reputation; but there is a pleaſure in the effuſions of our admiration, as well as of our gratitude, however feeble their effects.—It would hurt your feelings to ſay how much I find of both; but I would have what authors call the world, that is, the ſmall part of it whoſe attention may be drawn to ſo inconſiderable an object as myſelf, know, that while I join in their admiration of thoſe kind exertions to which I, in a great degree, owed the approbation which the following piece was honoured with, I was not ungrateful to the hand

ſrom which they came; nor do I confine this to the excellences of the charming Counteſs, but acknowledge it alſo in the advice and patronage you favoured it with as a friend on its appearance in its firſt form at Richmond Houſe; and it is upon this laſt circumſtance I dwell with the greateſt pleaſure. Authors muſt have vanity in ſomething, or they muſt be miſerable ones indeed; and ſhould mine have miſſed its aim in the play itſelf, or its ſucceſs, it cannot in the pride I take of ranking myſelf to the Public, (before whom this now appears) among the friends of one whoſe amiable qualities and virtues ſurpaſs, if poſſible, the talents they ſo much admire.

I am,

Dear Madam,

With ſincere regard and eſteem,

Your moſt faithful,

and humble ſervant,

Little Warwick-ſtreet,
June 12, 1789.

H. S. CONWAY.

To

To the READER.

A PREFACE in form ſeems little ſuited to the production of ſo ſlight a thing as the following piece; but it may perhaps be thought allowable, ſo far as to explain to thoſe who may have the curioſity, the reaſons of the changes it has undergone from its original ſtate: it might elſe ſeem an impertinent conceit in the author, to think he could add any thing to the elegance or ſpirit of the excellent original: or expect an approbation ſuperior, or even equal, to that which it has conſtantly received on the French theatre.

Every Stage which has, in different periods and nations, been brought to any degree of perfection, has acquired, as it were, a tone and idiom peculiar to itſelf, which, however admired in their own ſphere, or whatever abſtract merit they might have, could not meet with the ſame approbation in another.

The chorus of the Greeks was generally adopted on the Athenian ſtage, at the time of its greateſt elegance and purity, and has been attempted, in ſome inſtances, both on the French and Engliſh ſtages, but is now entirely laid aſide.

The uſe of rhyme was eſtabliſhed on the French ſtage both in tragedy and comedy; in the former univerſally, and generally in the latter. Moliere was, I believe, the firſt among their poets, who broke through it in ſome of his comedies, and it has, notwithſtanding that good example, continued in common, if not in general, uſe to this day, and in their moſt admired plays: it was alſo uſed in our old plays before Shakeſpeare, and in ſome ſince; par-

particularly by Mr. Dryden, who even maintains ſtrenuouſly its merits in tragedy at leaſt; yet his beſt plays of the kind are now quite laid aſide; and in comedy it is with us univerſally exploded; nor have the late ingenious attempts of Mr. Haly been able to revive it,—the diffuſeneſs of its diction, and the conſtraint it lies under, being by no means compatible with that ſpirited freedom and conciſeneſs, which are the characteriſtics of our beſt Engliſh comedies.

Our original, the *Dehors Trompeurs* of Monſ. Biſſy, is in rhyme, and though excellently planned, and abounding in moſt elegant and admirable poetry, as well as in a vein of delicate humour, which runs through the whole, has, however, a diffuſeneſs in good part of the dialogue, and ſometimes a repetition of the ſame ſentiments and reflections, which, though brilliant and expreſſive in his beautiful verſes, could not bear a literal tranſlation into proſe, and wanted much pruning and abbreviation to make them taſted by an Engliſh audience. With theſe neceſſary changes it was produced for the amuſement of a private ſociety at Richmond Houſe, where it went through ſeveral repreſentations, with a very friendly and flattering approbation.

It being afterwards ſuggeſted that there was ſome inclination in the Manager to have it acted at Drury Lane; and having undergone a new examination for that purpoſe, the abbreviations made were thought to have diminiſhed it below the ſtandard of a regular theatrical comedy.—It was alſo ſuggeſted, that however abounding, from its original, in a turn of refined wit, and by no means deficient in true *attic* ſalt, it wanted ſome of the *Cayenne* humour which makes the neceſſary ſeaſoning for an Engliſh audience; eſpecially thoſe in the

the higher regions, whoſe appetite a Manager muſt of neceſſity conſult. Hence grew a formidable difficulty.—To pull down is the work of a common hand: but to build requires all the taſte and elegance of the architect; eſpecially to patch an old houſe, with equal danger to the edifice and artiſt. In this dilemma, the Abbé offered himſelf to the author's imagination as the beſt reſource; he is named in the very firſt ſcene of the play, and has an indirect connection with the plot. How far the interweaving him into it, or making him the ſubject of a ſubordinate intrigue, was allowable, muſt be left to the judgment of the Public, on their mature examination, to which it is now ſubmitted: the degree of applauſe it met with, during its late repreſentations, not being, perhaps, a ſufficient criterion to give it an eſtabliſhed reputation. It may, as far as its plot goes, I believe, be ſufficiently authoriſed by rule and example; but I ſhall trouble the reader with neither, it being a vain attempt to lead his judgment where it is not inclined to go, or to argue him into what he does not feel.

The taſk was difficult, and the author will be as ready as others to allow it, ſhould it appear beyond his ſtrength.

A few words to account for its preſent appearance, in a ſhape ſomewhat different from that in which it was lately ſeen at Drury Lane, and at the ſame time to apologize to the able and ingenious manager there, to whoſe kind attention and aſſiſtance the author has the ſincereſt pleaſure in acknowledging his great obligation.

The Abbé's part, and additional ſcenes connected with it, having again ſwelled the play beyond the proper limits, it was propoſed, among other abbreviations, to leave out the ſcene in the ſecond act, where the Marquis diſcovers, by means of his

ſervant

ſervant Champaign, the ſituation of Lucile, and bring her into the firſt act. As this alteration was conſented to by the writer, in deference to a judgment thought ſuperior to his own, particularly in the experience and knowledge of ſtage effect, he has ventured now to reſtore it to its former ſtate; firſt, as being conſonant to the original deſign; and ſtill more, as the opening that part of the plot ſo early, and letting the audience ſo fully into Lucile's ſituation, and her love for the Marquis, ſeem a good deal to deſtroy the intereſt created by the ſuſpenſe of that diſcovery: for though the audience may be ſuppoſed to gueſs how that will turn out, yet they had always rather gueſs than be told; and to keep back as long as poſſible all *denouement*, whether of the principal or ſubordinate part, conſtitutes, I take it the chief art of dramatic writing.

Corneille in his Diſcourſe upon Dramatic Poetry, makes the firſt act anſwer the Prologue, or *Parodos* of Ariſtotle, which was to let the audience only into what was neceſſary to be known *previous* to the *action*, contained in the ſubſequent acts: but whether ſo or not, the advantage of keeping out of it as far as poſſible any material parts of the action, and ſtill more all elucidation of the plot, is viſible.

An account of this Play cannot be cloſed, without ſome notice of the admirable Epilogue, which makes its chief ornament, to which, if the writer of this has one only reaſonable objection, (that of its tarniſhing the inferior merits of his own production) he thinks it fully made up to him, by ſo flattering and ſo public a teſtimony of its author's friendſhip.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

LAUNCH'D on the boſom of the gentle tide,
With friendly hands its eaſy courſe to guide;
With gilded tackling, and with ſilken ſail,
To catch of kind applauſe a flatt'ring gale.
Say, what ſtrange frenzy of the P—et's brain,
Urg'd his frail bark to tempt the ſtormy main;
(Far from the kindly ſafe protecting ſhore)
Where the winds whiſtle and the tempeſt roar?
With ſuch a cargo too, ſuch motley ſtuff!
For 'tis a ſtrange aſſortment ſure enough.
Some proſe, ſome verſe, ſome merry, and ſome ſad;
Some good, we hope; and much I doubt, ſome bad;
Some old, ſome new, ſome Engliſh, ſome from France,
Tho' not their weeping comedy, nor dance.
An Abbé too! a ſight you've ſeldom ſeen;
A parrot cloath'd in black, inſtead of green;
Half church, half lay, half clerk, half militant!
Tho' in a band, the creature will not cant.
He's light too, not o'ercharg'd with cleric lore;—
One good fat parſon would outweigh a ſcore:
He will not therefore ſink us by his weight,
And if he makes you laugh, he pays his freight.
We're all above board—did not mean to ſteal,
But to declare our goods, and fairly deal;
All in the legal way of importation,
Tho' there may be ſome ſmall *adulteration*.
Some merit yet's our merchant author's plea;
From Gallic chains he ſets his drama free;
Where the ears wearied with perpetual rhymes,
Like the dull jingle of their clatt'ring chimes;
Where male and female verſe with conſtant ſtrife,
Drag one ſad endleſs yoke, like man and wife.—
But let our blame be bounded as it ought—
No general cenſure ſuits a ſingle fault.
How often mix'd in the ſame garden grows
The baneful hemlock with the fragrant roſe!
And 'tis mere common ſenſe each man relies on,
To chuſe the perfume and reject the poiſon.
In fame, and honour, long their ſtage has ſhin'd,
Correct in manners as in taſte refin'd;
We'd not detract an atom from their praiſe,
But add the Civic to the Muſe's bays:
And ſhou'd the Genius of this happy iſle
On Gallia's ſons at length propitious ſmile;
While in each breaſt the patriot ſpirit glows,
We'd hail as brothers, whom we've met as foes:
To the ſame point their generous ardor tends;
The friends to Freedom, muſt be Britain's friends.
And may the ſov'reign Pow'r that rules above,
Unbounded in its wiſdom as its love,
To no one Nation, and no ſpot confined,
Extend that beſt of bleſſings to mankind!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Baron, - - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Marquis, - - -	Mr. Kemble.
Governor, - - -	Mr. Parſons.
Abbé, - - - -	Mr. J. Banniſter.
Robert, - - - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Champaign,	

WOMEN.

Counteſs, - - -	Miſs Farren.
Lucile, - - -	Mrs. Crouch.
Cælia, - - -	Mrs. Kemble.
Liſette, - - -	Miſs Pope.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

EPILOGUE.

Written by LIEUTENANT GENERAL BURGOYNE.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

(*A looking-glaſs hanging from her Wriſt.*)

SOLDIERS turn poets!—That's no mighty wonder;
But 'ſtead of tragic battle, death, and thunder,
Our bard takes FALSE APPEARANCES in hand;
A ſubject he could never underſtand.
Peace, then, to efforts in theſe ſcenes diſplay'd,
I come to try the world in maſquerade;
From every borrow'd dreſs to ſtrip the mind,
And, 'midſt diſtortions, Nature's image find.
This wond'rous mirror!—look at it with awe—
Is that which Addiſon in viſion ſaw,
When beaming o'er each ſex in age and youth,
The hand of Juſtice held the glaſs of Truth.
Where it has lain, none knows—by intereſt hid,
In cities dreaded and in courts forbid;
But with this wreath of fadeleſs laurel round it,
Dropt in the Muſes' walk, our poet found it.
Ye party tribes, bleſt with ſo many faces,
Ye know not which to chuſe in certain caſes;
Or ye with *one*, one ever pregnant ſmile,
Proof to all changes of this changeful iſle;
Maids, wives, and widows—all are in my power,
This is no dreaming viſionary hour;
For by this light of conſcious lamps I ſwear,
This dear, ſweet gift, ſhall ſhew me what you are.
Hats off—down fans—no hoodwinks while you're try'd;
And, Sir, your head not quite ſo much aſide.
(*Offering to lift up the glaſs.*
Come, don't be frighten'd, harſhneſs I diſclaim;
Soft as the modified electric flame,

This ſubtile influence, tho' 'twould pierce a rock,
Shall play, not injure—I'll keep back the ſhock.
Now for it. (*Waving the glaſs over all the Houſe.*) Culprits—you are all detected! (*A long pauſe.*
Upon my word, better than I expected
Save one fond pair, caught in a tender oath,
Sigh'd, look'd, return'd, and felt—a fib in both.
Save wedded ſweetlings, mutually ſincere,
Who mean, "My devil!" when they liſp, "My dear;"
Save certain ſmirks to cover peccadillos,
And keep all quiet on domeſtic pillows,
From high to low—from perriwig to feather,
More honeſt folks were never met together.
Yet hold—methought I ſaw—I vow I've got 'em—
Oh, Lord! how near my eye the glaſs has brought 'em—
Two critics, with whole pocket-books of hints
For FALSE APPEARANCE in to-morrow's prints;
For Bard, and Actors, comments falſe and true,
To mix with miniſters, and Buff and Blue.
Well, for the Stage there's candor, tho' there's jeſt;
But will your private ſatire ſtand the teſt?
Look to *that* hint, ere with concentred rays
This burning glaſs ſets columns in a blaze.
Wit, whoſe clear eſſence never ſtains the paper,
Shall ſeparate and mount in pleaſing vapour:
But the black line drawn againſt real merit,
The coarſe thick virulence of party ſpirit;
The pen envenom'd and the hand unknown;
Oh! what a ſmoke from ſulphur, all their own!
This touches few; the general point I yield;
For Falſe Appearance Britain is no field:
Witneſs this audience, ſo well off to-night,
Witneſs new audidnces whom I invite.
Come for the proof of being what we ſeem,
And take my *fiat* for the world's eſteem.
Come crowds, and after crowds, nor dare denial,
On pain of being deem'd afraid of trial:
Come with true pride, with open boldneſs come,
You'll find me almoſt every night at home.

BRITISH 8 MR 1921 MUSEUM

FALSE APPEARANCES.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Baron's *Library.*

Celia *and* Liſette.

Liſette.

I AM out of my wits.

Celia. What's the matter, Liſette?

Lif. Your brother's diſtracted; he has put that little ſcribbling Abbé, whom he ſcarce knows how to ſpeak to, into the apartment which the Governor, Lucile's father, always occupies in the houſe, though he expects him in Paris every hour. On my endeavouring to remonſtrate, he flew in a violent paſſion with me, and ſaid ſuch things, as I did not think could come out of a gentleman's mouth.

Celia. I can't believe this.

Lif. It is too true, however; and did not my love for your Ladyſhip keep me, I would not ſtay a day in the houſe.

Col. But my brother is ſo *good humour'd.*

Lif. Oh! charming when one has nothing to do with him; always lively and agreeable with his common acquaintance. He's an angel abroad, Madam, but the devil at home.

Celia. We muſt take people as they are, Liſette; there's nobody perfect.

Lif. No, Madam; but when they are ſo very imperfect, one wiſhes to mend them.

Celia. You ought to have ſome reſpect—

Lif. Oh! indeed Madam, I'm too much in a paſſion to ſpare him. He is a bad maſter, and not a better brother;—the name of friend is a title to be forgot by him, and his love is like his friendſhip—witneſs poor Lucile. When he ſaw her at the Convent, he was all adoration; now that ſhe's brought to the houſe here, and deſtin'd to be his wife, his ſentiments and language are quite changed. He aſſumes the tone, and the coldneſs of a huſband already; and as he is wanting to the father, he ſhamefully neglects the daughter.

Celia. If he is not ceremonious with them, 'tis his way, Liſette, and Mr. de Foilis will readily excuſe it; they are old friends.

Lif. He ſhould ſhew him the more reſpect then, Madam. Indeed, Lucile ſeems ſenſible of this, and is become of late ſilent and melancholy.

Celia. Oh no, 'tis her natural turn to be ſilent. Simplicity is the leading ingredient of her character, and the convent education gives her an aukwardneſs that has the air of ſtupidity.

Lif. She is not ſo ſimple as ſhe appears, I aſſure you, Madam. Only obſerve her looks! I never ſaw more meaning in two charming bright eyes in my life; and ſhe thinks and feels too, if I have any ſkill in looks—But the Baron treats her like a child, is always chiding; or, what's as bad, teaching her; when he thinks of her at

all, which is but ſeldom; add to this, his intimacy with his new neighbour the Counteſs.

Celia. The Counteſs is not of a character to make her uneaſy—then ſhe is ſo fooliſh.

Liſ. The more likely to charm him; and of late his eſteem for her ſeems violently increaſed.

Celia. And has no reality in it. The ſame whirlwind tranſports and links them together: they ſeek each other, becauſe they think each other faſhionable; they are complaiſant without fondneſs, and intimate without being acquainted—Their ſpirits are always on the wing together in ſearch of amuſement, and their hearts never of the party.

Liſ. Here comes the Counteſs, Madam, and followed by a handſome young gentleman.

Celia. Her viſits tire me!

Enter Counteſs, Marquis *following.*

Count. We are looking for the Baron with the utmoſt impatience; I have ſomething of conſequence to tell him. Pray, let them find him immediately—I can't ſtay a moment.

Celia. I'll go and tell him to come down, Madam, if you pleaſe.

Count. No, ſtay with us, I beg, Madam. Liſette will be good enough to call him.

Celia. Make haſte. [*Exit* Liſette.

Count. [*To the Marquis*] What a ſtiff air!

Marq. But 'tis noble and diſcreet.

[*To the* Counteſs.

Celia. I was never more embarraſſed.

Count. [*To Celia.*] My dear Madam, you live quite out of the world, and one never ſees you.—I muſt poſitively drag you out of this ſolitude, and inſpire you with the ſpirit and taſte of the world.

Celia. Obſcurity ſuits ſuch young perſons as me—

Count. No, no; I muſt have the forming you.

Celia. You'll excuſe me, Madam. I am quite unable to follow your ſteps; my head's too weak, and my

heart too timid—I am the ſlave of vulgar prejudices, and ſhould ill ſupport the honour of your choice.

Count. But, handſome as you are, and made to pleaſe, don't you pant to be admired? to live upon that ſingle idea, is for you not only a duty, but an abſolute neceſſity: the neceſſity of eating and ſleeping is not greater for us than that of being admired—'tis the great law of our nature. To racket and to ſhine, are the life of life for me!

Celia. For me, who am no coquette, I place my happineſs in avoiding all eclat; and endeavour to find it not, in the opinion of others, but in my own breaſt.

Marq Her anſwers are the dictates of reaſon. I am charmed with them. [*To the* Counteſs.

Count. [*To the* Marquis.] And I ſhocked. [*To* Celia.] But you muſt then, my dear Madam, have a poſitive taſte for *ennui?*

Celia. No really—and I ſeldom find it—but in tireſome company. [*Aſide.*

Count. How fooliſh ſhe is! [*Aſide.*

Celia. What a ſtrange creature! [*Aſide.*

Enter Liſette.

Count. Is the Baron coming? for I'm out of patience.

Liſ. Madam, he is gone out.

Count. Mighty well. I thought ſo.

Liſette. But he'll be at home in a minute.

Count. I don't believe a word on't. But where can he be?

Celia. I'll find him, and let him know you are waiting for him. [*Exeunt* Celia *and* Liſette.

Count Is it poſſible that ſhould be the Baron's Siſter? What do you think of her?

Marq. She ſeems very amiable.

Count. She is mighty lively!

Marq. She is very ſenſible—and good ſenſe, Madam—

Count.

Count. Is much out of its place in you, Sir. It's a pretty thing to be ſenſible at your years.—A young man of faſhion, and an admirer of good ſenſe!

Enter the Baron.

O Baron come and behold what you have never heard of, and never can believe! Such a ſight! A young man of faſhion, prudent and ſenſible, who dares to declare, and not even bluſh at it.

Baron. 'Tis an example.—

Count. Yes, to avoid—But no more of that, the young man may yet recover.

Baron. The caſe ſeems dangerous.

Count. Beyond the power of the faculty I fear—but a more important affair brings me here. I come to engage you for the evening. Signor Vacarmini makes a prodigious noiſe

Baron. Yes, they talk much of him.

Count. Oh, he's the greateſt fiddle in all Italy—the moſt divine creature. I have made a party for you to hear him this evening.

Baron. You propoſe me a great pleaſure. but unfortunately I am engaged.

Count. Every body is fond of our Baron here; every body quarrelling for him, and happy they who can engage him. Didn't I tell you ſo, Marquis?

Marq. One can't be ſurprized, amiable as he is.

Baron. Oh have mercy upon your poor friend if you pleaſe.

Count. You muſt break your engagement, I muſt have the preference.

Baron. 'Tis doing me a kind, and charming violence —Yet—

Count. Yet—you'll come with us—Yes,—I know you will.

Marq. I beg you will—

Count. And I inſiſt—

Baron. You inſiſt?

Count. Yes—abſolutely, and am aſtoniſhed at your heſitation!

Baron. I no longer reſiſt. When the ladies command one muſt obey.

Count. I may depend upon you?

Baron. Certainly.

Count. I muſt now talk to you upon another matter of a moſt ſerious nature. I hear a report which ſurprizes and affects me.

Baron. Some bad news no doubt.

Count. Oh dreadful!—the moſt ſhocking imaginable.

Baron. You really alarm me, Madam.—Pray explain.

Count. Nay, 'tis about yourſelf—Such a misfortune!

Baron. For Heaven's ſake.

Count. No—I can't pronounce it.

Baron I beſeech you, Madam,—'tis ſome ſcandalous report I'll lay my life.

Count. O very ſcandalous. You are ruined and diſgraced for ever if it's true,

Baron. For Pity's ſake. I'm on the rack.

Count. Well, then, if I muſt.—They ſay you are going to be married.

Baron. And is that the cauſe of ſo much alarm?

Count. Yes, indeed; is it true?

Baron. Why?

Count. Why! O you heſitate; aye, aye, it's over with you I ſee—Well?

Baron. There may be ſomething in it.

Count. So much the worſe.

Baron. Marriage then is very terrible in your eyes?

Count. O moſt terrible.

Baron. But one muſt ſometime take a ſerious engagement.

Count. Never.

Baron. I follow example; you know I love to be in the faſhion, and ſoon or late, 'tis what we all come to.

Count. No, Baron, no; I know you well, and believe me, marriage is not made for you, nor you for it—No; your friends ſhould all oppoſe it, and the world would

would loſe you quite—the true man of the world holds to nothing, or by the ſlighteſt bands, which one moment forms, and the next deſtroys. He abhors all ſerious connexions, is always engaging and never engaged.

Baron. Heaven has made me ſociable in all ſituations.

Count. O no, I read in your eyes that marriage will ſour all the ſweet in your diſpoſition; and of a ſpirited amiable bachelor, make a croſs melancholy huſband.

Marq. No, Madam, there's no fear of the Baron's ſuffering ſuch a change, and I dare ſay he has made too good a choice.

Baron. My heart has taken reaſon for its guide.

Count. Reaſon! O Heavens! I could pardon the Marquis here talking of reaſon, but for you, and me, dear Baron, we know too well it's a mere chimæra.

Marq. Reaſon a chimæra—the idea is ſingular.

Count. There's no ſuch thing—'tis an old faſhioned prejudice, which falſely takes its name —Hey Baron!

Marq. For me, Madam, I am really ſo old faſhioned as to acknowledge the exiſtence of ſuch a reaſon, as far from being a prejudice, deſtroys the ſilly prejudices which the world is the dupe of; which improves our virtues, corrects our errors, and makes us at once both wiſe and ſociable.

Count. And I maintain that ſhe is herſelf the worſt of errors, encreaſes all our fault, ſpoils all our virtues, ſtifles a thouſand enjoyments, and is the parent of a thouſand ridicules—Reaſon, which has not common ſenſe; which they call prudence, and is mere ſtupidity.

Marq. But true reaſon, Madam —

Baron. Oh there are many ſorts—Every body has one which he paints in his own colours. Even the Counteſs here, let her ſay what ſhe will, has a reaſon in her own way.

Count. I a reaſon?

Baron. Moſt certainly, Madam, and under another name you ſubmit to its laws.

Count. Good Heaven forbid! and of what ſort pray? I have no notion—

Baron.

Baron. Oh certainly that of the firſt quality, which the vulgar call folly; whoſe buſineſs it is to amuſe herſelf with every thing, to brave all prudiſh cenſures, and nonſenſical ſcruples, and laughing at the grave fools which the univerſe abounds with, forms the man of the world, and the only true philoſopher.

Count. Dear Baron, what a happy diſcovery? Your reaſon is quite divine, and I am a perfect convert to it, ſince it's embelliſhed with all the charms of adorable folly.—But the Marquis, I fear, will never ſubmit to it. —To the *old* reaſon he'll give the preference.

Marq. Oh no, Madam, ſuch folly is the quinteſſence of wiſdom, and I cheerfully ſubmit to its laws.

Count. The Baron is a ſublime genius.—Nothing too hard for him. Such amiable manners, and ſuch engaging wit!—Adieu.—I have a thouſand viſits to make this morning. At three I expect you both.—But, dear Baron, renounce that odious marriage. That reaſon you have taught us to-day abſolutely commands you, through me, to live free and independent, as I do.

We'll tread on air, thro' pleaſure's ſprightly rounds,
Life's ſurface ſip, and leave the nauſeous grounds.
Chagrin and grief lie deep beneath the brim;
To taſte its eſſence, we ſhould only ſkim.

[*Exit* Counteſs.

Marq. Now that we are alone, my dear Baron, I take, with pleaſure, this opportunity to tell you how much I feel myſelf obliged to you, and the ſincere friendſhip all your civilities and kindneſs have inſpired me with —Your intereſt really touches me, and, as you are on the point of contracting a ſerious engagement, I ſhould be glad to know the part which, as your friend, I ought to take in it.

Baron. My eſteem for you is not leſs, I aſſure you; where I ſee merit, my friendſhips are ſoon form'd; your's has ſtruck me. Our acquaintance is yet but new, and is already more dear to me than a friendſhip of ten years. As to the affair of my marriage, you ſaw I was ſhy to the Counteſs, but to you my heart ſhall open itſelf without

out reſerve. The woman I have made choice of is young, beautiful, diſcreet; has the moſt enchanting figure, and captivates at firſt ſight.—She has birth too, and fortune; and what makes the connection ſtill more deſirable, is the long friendſhip which has united me with her father.

Marq. What a number of advantages!—I may then cordially congratulate———

Baron. Stop a moment—you imagine, after this deſcription, that nothing is wanting to my happineſs; but pray be undeceiv'd, and learn that one fatal circumſtance deſtroys it all—in a word, this captivating charmer, this idol of my ſoul, under the moſt enchanting appearance, hides a maſs of folly. I don't know what name to give her; 'tis a creature that can ſcarce articulate; dull, abſent, inſenſible, without feeling or idea; ſhe ſeems governed by mere inſtinct. At the moment ſhe throws the moſt animated glance, a ſtupid ſilence belies its meaning—ſhe is dead to every impreſſion and ſentiment, and I am going to marry a beautiful ſtatue.

Marq. Time, and your inſtructions, will teach her.

Baron. Oh, no; there's no effort I have not made to throw ſome light on her underſtanding. Being ſoon to become her huſband, with the conſent of her father, I took her from the convent. She is now here with her ſiſter, who ſeconds my endeavours, but all in vain—inſtead of advancing, ſhe ſeems to go back, and her underſtanding leſſens every day. At preſent, ſhe ſcarce ſpeaks a word—a *yes*, or a *no*, and thoſe generally ill-placed, is all I can get out of her; the ſounds ſhe liſtens to go no farther than her ear, and her mind ſeems a perfect blank. Judge, then, if my happineſs is complete, and tell me what reſolution I ought to take.

Marq. There's no perfect happineſs, and every man has his misfortunes.

Baron. But there are none ſo tormenting as mine. For this fatal object, I paſs by turns from deſire to diſguſt, and from contempt to adoration; her folly repels, while her charms attract me, and I am in a conſtant maze of contradiction with myſelf.

Marq. I lament your fate; but though unfortunate, I know a lover much more to be pitied.

Baron.

Baron. That's impoſſible; my miſery is at its height, and who could ever know its equal?

Marq. Myſelf.

Baron. You, Marquis!

Marq. Yes, I; and it may be ſome alleviation of your misfortune, when I repay your confidence by a recital of mine. In the firſt place, there's ſome ſimilarity between them—I admire, as you do, a young beauty whom I ſaw at a convent—whoſe natural grace ſtrikes and intereſts at the firſt glance. The ſweet ſound of her voice penetrates the very ſoul, while her looks add to the emotion—Nature has not been kind by halves to this charming girl; your's has only her outward gifts, but mine poſſeſſes all her treaſures! her lovely ſmiling eyes promiſe ſenſe, and keep their promiſe—her heart is made for love and tenderneſs, a compound of ſoft paſſion, ſentiment, and delicacy.

Baron. You talk too feelingly, not to be beloved.

Marq. Yes, I believe, indeed, our paſſion is mutual.

Baron. You are too happy! and I envy your good fortune.

Marq. Suſpend your judgment a little, and you'll have reaſon to change your opinion.—Being ordered with my regiment on a diſtant ſervice, I loſt ſight of my charming miſtreſs, and have never been able to learn what is become of her—We correſponded conſtantly for ſome time, and her letters regularly followed me—but all of a ſudden ſhe ceaſed writing to me. The moment I was at liberty, I haſtened back to France, and the very day of my arrival, flew to the convent. Vain hope! all they could tell me was, that ſhe had left it ſome time, and my endeavours ſince to learn any trace of her have been fruitleſs.

Baron. That ought not to deject you; your inquiries will certainly diſcover her; and your conſolation is, that you poſſeſs her heart.

Marq. Vain and cruel advantage! which, if I loſe her, only completes my misfortune.

Baron. Still it is leſs than mine, while any hope remains. But for me, with my inanimate idol, there's no reſource.

Marq.

Marq. You'll poſſeſs her, and that ought to conſole you—but the more perfect the object, the more intolerable the loſs.

Baron. Let us no longer diſpute ſo cruel a pre-eminence, but let our union in misfortune be the bond of our friendſhip. Adieu! 'tis with pain I leave you; but I muſt go out on particular buſineſs, and to put off the Duke.

Marq. And I to learn if my inquiries have had any ſucceſs. Adieu! dear Baron; ſuch a friend is my only ſupport under the loſs I have ſuffered.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Marquis *and* Champaign.

Marquis.

TELL me quickly, Champaign, what have you learnt?

Champ. Learnt! I've diſcovered where ſhe lives, Sir—that's all.

Marq. Where is ſhe then?—Tell me this minute.

Champ. Here.

Marq. Where?—here in Paris!

Champ. In this very houſe, Sir, and I have juſt ſeen her.

Marq. Impoſſible!—how?

Champ. Oh, corporeally, actually here, Sir; and that's not all—I could ſurprize you ſtill more.

Marq. Tell me then this moment, raſcal!

Champ. Yes, Sir; but your Honour promiſed to give me ſomething for my intelligence, and I'm afraid——

Marq. Speak, raſcal, or I'll give you more than I promiſed. [*Holds up his ſtick.*

Champ. Oh, yes, Sir; for if I muſt be beat, it ſhall be with a ſafe conſcience, and I'll tell the whole truth—She's going to be married, Sir.

Marq. To be married! It can't be! When? where? to whom?

Champ. Immediately, Sir, and to the Baron, the maſter of this houſe.

Marq. To the Baron!

Champ.

Champ. The very ſame, Sir; and the thing is moſt certain.

Marq. What a ſtrange and moſt unhappy adventure! But it can't be—they have impoſed upon thee.—The perſon he is going to marry, is handſome indeed, but an abſolute fool—ſo he has juſt told me himſelf; but ſhe whom I adore, is all ſpirit, all fire, all ſentiment!

Champ. I don't know what account he has given his miſtreſs, nor whether he has made her a wit, or a fool. —But I am convinced, and that by my own eyes, that the young lady who is lodged here, is the very ſame to whom I have carried a hundred letters, witneſſes of your tender paſſion. [*Exit* Champ.

Marq. I can no longer doubt—and now ſee it all—yes, he has taken her ſimplicity and baſhfulneſs, for folly and dulneſs; and her natural reſerve has been increaſed by the force put upon her inclinations. Vain, flattering thought! that brings no conſolation—and her grief only adds to my misfortune. To have her torn from me, too, by the hand of a friend, who is ignorant of the injury he is doing!—What a cruel ſituation!—Then, how to meet the Baron!—No, I could not ſupport his preſence.——O heavens! I ſee him coming.

Enter the Baron.

Baron. I was impatient to ſee you. Well, have you nothing to tell me?—What's the matter?—You avoid my ſight, and I ſee grief writ in your countenance. Anſwer me, Marquis—what has happened?

Marq. Nothing.

Baron. Your tone and air aſſure me to the contrary; and I love you too well, to let you continue this cruel ſilence. Open your heart to me—ſpeak, I beſeech you.

Marq. I cannot.

Baron. But recollect that you promiſed me.—What diſcovery have you made? what have you learnt?

Marq. More than I wiſhed.

Baron. I don't comprehend you, and I inſiſt that you explain yourſelf—

Marq. No, I cannot ſpeak—I would beg to leave you.

Baron. All reſiſtance is vain—you ſhall abſolutely tell me.

Marq. What an horrid conſtraint! To what am I reduced! [*Aſide.*

Baron. Yield then to a man entirely devoted to you.

Marq. I am afraid———

Baron. You're in the wrong. Has your ill fortune, which lately conceal'd your miſtreſs, play'd you ſome worſe trick?

Marq. Yes, ſince you have torn the ſecret from me; I wiſh her ſituation was ſtill unknown to me.

Baron. What have you heard then?

Marq. The very worſt I could hear; I have found out where ſhe is, but only to know her loſs is the more certain; in ſhort, her family are going to marry her immediately, and what completes my misfortune, to one of my beſt friends.

Baron. 'Tis a cruel ſtroke, I agree; but yet not half ſo bad as being ignorant what was become of her; and though unpleaſant, to be ſure, I think your ſituation much better than it was this morning.

Marq. Alas! what can equal my preſent diſtreſs! I know not what part to take. Every ſtep ſeems barr'd, and every hope forbidden.

Baron. Not at all; I ſee one very natural one, my dear Marquis.

Marq. What is that?

Baron. Purſue your point with the lady.

Marq. How is that poſſible, when I find her engaged to my friend, whom her father has choſen for her? My heart ought for ever to renounce all hope of her—honour and duty both forbid me to think of her.

Baron. Honour and duty, my good friend, are quite out of the queſtion. In affairs of this kind, you ſhould think of nothing but your love.

Marq. But, my dear Sir, for a moment put yourſelf in my place, would you do what you adviſe me?—Would you allow your love to make you wanting to your friend?

Baron.

Baron. Yes, Marquis, on this point I ſhould have no mercy; all ſcruple is mere folly in theſe caſes, and I would not ſpare my father.

Marq. I don't feel ſuch intrepidity; and if I did, what could I have to hope?

Baron. Every thing; ſince you are beloved, you cannot but ſucceed; I'd be anſwerable for it myſelf.

Marq. But what ſteps do you adviſe, and to what end?

Baron. In the firſt place, to break off this curſed marriage.

Marq. Impoſſible! She's on the point of being married—to-morrow, perhaps—nor can I do ſuch an injury to my friend.

Baron. Silly delicacy! if all the young fellows were ſo ſcrupulous, I ſhould pity half the wives in Paris. But pr'ythee, Marquis, don't own ſuch ſentiments; they would hurt your character eſſentially.

Marq. When you talk ſo, you are certainly not ſerious. I have form'd and will purſue a nobler deſign, whatever it may coſt me.—I will no longer abuſe the error of a friend; I'll this moment diſſipate it, and am reſolved, be the conſequence what it may, to reveal the whole to him without diſguiſe.

Baron. By no means, you'll ſpoil all.—Did any one ever make ſuch a confidence?

Marq. What, would you have me deceive a man whom I love, and who is my friend?

Baron. Yes, ſurely, Sir, deceive him.

Marq. But it's a ſhame, a crying injury.

Baron. Deceive him, I tell you, deceive him; 'tis the cuſtom.

Marq. You adviſe it!—You!

Baron. Moſt decidedly;—nay, more, I inſiſt upon it.

Marq. I am aſtoniſh'd.

Baron. But I really do not comprehend you, you have a moſt tender friendſhip, you ſay, for this man, and are going, in pure kindneſs, to let him know you are beloved by the woman he is to marry. If any one

was to ſhew me ſuch a kindneſs, his compliment would be but ill received, I can aſſure you.

Marq This is unanſwerable, and you have convinced me quite. My paſſion ſhall now follow the path you have trac'd out.—But remember, 'tis you that have obliged me to this: you are anſwerable for my conduct, and if hereafter I am drawn on too far, 'tis you, and not I, that muſt be blamed.

Baron. Be the conſequence what it will, I take it upon myſelf—On my word, go on.

Marq I take it then, and ſhall proceed.

Baron. Before you go, I ſhould wiſh you to ſee the object.—But ſhe's here.

Lucile *enters.*

Marq. What torture! I can hardly ſupport it. [*Aſide.*

Luc. (*To the* Baron, *timidly and ſimply*) I was looking for your ſiſter.

Baron. Advance, and don't be afraid.—Come and make your curtſey to the Marquis:—you can't ſhew too much civility to my friend. But what's the matter? You are all in confuſion; you change colour, and are embarraſs'd.—Take courage, Lucile—Should one be ſo diſconcerted when one comes into company?

Luc. (*Simply*) But the gentleman is ſo too.

Baron Yes, he's aſham'd for you

Marq. I beg pardon, but I think I have had the honour of ſeeing this lady ſomewhere before.

Baron. You have ſeen her before! Where, Marquis?

Marq At the convent:—At the very ſame where I went ſo often, as I told you, to ſee that young perſon.—This accident charms as much as it ſurprizes me.—They had ſuch eſteem and friendſhip for each other, that they were never aſunder. It was from this attachment that I became acquainted with her.

Baron. (*Aſide to the* Marquis.) Nothing cou'd be more fortunate for you than this accident: She'll be of uſe to you with her friend—She is ſimple to exceſs, but one may teach her.—Does ſhe know of your love?

Marq. Every thing ſhould have told it her. I often

often declared my paſſion in her preſence; and my miſtreſs herſelf does not know my heart better.

Baron. I am glad to hear that,—the affair will go on ſo much the faſter.

Marq. In the anxiety I ſuffer, permit me to aſk her ſome queſtions in your preſence.

Baron. And welcome.—I'll myſelf engage her to anſwer them.

Marq. No, I ſhould wiſh without conſtraint to hear from her own mouth, what are the ſentiments of her friend. Speak, dear Lucile, they are all known to you: My miſtreſs made nothing a ſecret to you, and, probably, you often hear from her.

Luc. Yes.

Marq. I have heard a moſt cruel thing lately: her parents they ſay are going to marry her.

Luc. Yes.

Marq Oh! what a terrible *yes!* and how it alarms me. [*Aſide.*

Does ſhe approve it? [*To* Lucile.

Luc. No.

Baron. (*To the* Marq.) Good! that's a happy omen for you.

Marq (*To* Lucile.) How are her health and ſpirits?

Luc. Ill and well.

Marq. Does ſhe think of me?

Luc. Much.

Marq. What does ſhe ſay?

Luc. (*Sighing.*) Nothing.

Baron. Speak a little more in elligibly, I beg.—What anſwers! [*Aſide to the* Marq.

Marq. They have a great meaning for thoſe who underſtand them. I always loved brevity.

Baron. You ſhould then admire her converſation.

Marq. Infinitely.

Baron. Yes, 'tis there indeed ſhe ſhines.—*Ill* and *well*, *Yes*, *No*, *Much*, *Nothing*. [*Mimicking her.*]—What a wonderful girl! Pray, if poſſible, hold a more connected language.

Marq. With the little ſhe has ſaid you ſee I am delighted. [*To the* Baron.

Marq. Does your friend take any intereſt in my fate? [*To* Lucile.

Luc. Yes: your ſituation has thrown her into the greateſt trouble: I, who know her heart, can aſſure you of it.

Baron. Prodigious!—She has actually ſpoke two ſentences together.

Marq (Aſide) I can hardly ſupport the agitation which I feel!

Luc. I have ſaid too much, perhaps, and I'll go away!

Baron Excellent!—Yes, you are very talkative.

Marq No, it's I who ſhould go. My tranſport may at laſt betray me. [*Aſide.*] Adieu, Madam, remember that you muſt plead for me, and that I am loſt without your aſſiſtance. [*Exit.*

Baron. I don't comprehend you.—You aſtoniſh me: you are always trembling and confus'd.—Your air is conſtrain'd, and you do all you can to tarniſh your beauty, by the aukwardneſs of your manner, or by a ſtupid ſilence.—When you are oblig'd to ſpeak, 'tis by monoſyllables, and without connection.—Anſwer me, is it conſtraint? Is it obſtinacy? Is it ignorance? Is it inattention?—Come, look up, then, when I ſpeak to you!

Lucile. I am oblig'd to you.

Baron. Do you think then, I am paying you compliments?

Lucile. As you pleaſe.

Baron. As you pleaſe! I can't hold out againſt ſuch anſwers.

Lucile. But I've ſaid ſomething wrong, I believe.

Baron. Oh! what a fooliſh *I believe.*

Lucile. Forgive me,—but your looks frighten and confound me.

Baron. My air is frightful then in your eyes.

Lucile. Yes, indeed!

Baron. You make me a charming compliment. Come let us finiſh. Her dialogue kills me. [*Aſide.*

To Lucile.] Let us have done with this uſeleſs diſcourſe —You muſt aſſiſt the Marquis.

Lucile. Aſſiſt him!

Baron.

Baron. Immediately.

Lucile. In what pray?

Baron. You muſt ſpeak to your friend, in his favour. —If it was only a ſilly light amour,—far from preſſing you to interfere, I ſhould forbid it.—But it is a prudent choice, and a great match for her, where every advantage is united: high birth, fortune, and youth, with the moſt amiable figure: it's therefore acting the part of a friend. Tell her of the deſpair he's in —Say he is dying for her.

Lucile. She knows it already.

Baron. No matter.—Exaggerate his merit and his paſſion. Employ all your influence to move her, and ſay every thing that is bad of his rival.—Say he is wild,—vain,—inconſtant,—brutal!

Lucile. What, do you order me? [*Smiling.*

Baron. Yes, abſolutely.—But when I ſay ſo, what obliges you to laugh? It's quite new—(*angrily*) indeed—but I diſlike it. This laugh is very ill placed. ——(*Aſide.*) Abſurd in every thing, theſe fools are either dumb, or laughing without a cauſe ——(*To* Lucile.) However, remember what I have ſaid, try to diſpoſe your friend in favour of the Marquis. It's an affair that preſſes.—

Lucile. Sir, there's your ſiſter coming.

Baron. My ſiſter! The news is very important, and fit to interrupt an intereſting converſation.

Enter Celia.

Baron. Above all things, repreſent, I charge you, that the Marquis's love is moſt ſincere, as well as ardent.

Lucile. This is the third time you have told me ſo.

Baron. Oh! to make you comprehend a thing there's no repeating it too often.—I am out of patience. [*Aſide.*

Lucile. You put yourſelf in a paſſion, Sir, and I retire. [*Exit* Lucile.

Cel. You treat this poor girl, my dear brother, too roughly; you frighten and confound her; this conduct hurts you with her, and, in the end, may make her hate you.

Baron.

Baron. Forgive my interrupting you, my dear ſiſter, to ſay that you are moſt exceſſively miſtaken.

Cel. I muſt inform you, then, that ſhe has actually complain'd to me.

Baron. Oh, thoſe little complaints are of no conſequence.

Cel. As you pleaſe, Sir: but here's her father coming. What do you mean to do about his apartment? My ſincere friendſhip—

Baron. Gives itſelf a great deal too much trouble, my good ſiſter; and for my ſake, don't love me quite ſo much

Cel. You have always ſomething diſagreeable to ſay to me.

Baron. Well, I'll try to be more polite hereafter, and ſay a thouſand civil things to you;—I'll talk of your beauty, your air, your wit, and above all, your ſprightly diſpoſition!

Cel. You may laugh at me, and ſhew your contempt—but I ſhall not be deterr'd from acting as your friend, and ſhall return your contempt by giving you a piece of good advice, which you ſtand much in need of.

Baron. More advice!—well!

Cel. You are very amiable.

Baron. A very pretty beginning.

Cel. Engaging, kind, affable, towards all whom you have any end in pleaſing; and the whole world ſhare in your civilities, becauſe the world is the object of your worſhip, and the oracle you always conſult;—but my dear brother knows how to repay himſelf at home for all the kindneſſes he laviſhes abroad; here he ſtrips off his ſilken outſide, and takes a different varniſh; contemptuous to his ſiſter, harſh to his ſervants, peeviſh with his miſtreſs, and cold to his friends. Every thing in his houſe fears him; every thing flies him; the courtier is eclips'd, and the tyrant proclaim'd.

Baron. Siſter!

Cel. Yes, the painting is ſtrong,—but you have forc'd it from me; my leſſon was not meant to offend, but to ſerve you;—Profit by it, or, if your error continues, expect the deſertion of all that belongs to you—you'll be

be left alone in your houſe, and will not have a friend, but that frivolous world, whoſe eſteem and breath can cancel and annihilate. [*Exit* Celia.

The Baron *ſolus.*

Te tum te ti—I ſhould be happy to be deliver'd from all theſe animals who ſurround me;—but it's time to go out—I muſt fly to the Counteſs.

Enter Liſette.

Liſ. Sir, I come.

Baron. Get away.

Liſ. But pray, Sir, allow me———

Baron. Have my fellows carried my letter to the Duke?

Liſ. I think Richard went out with it.

Baron I think, is admirable; theſe creatures generally ſpeak as abſurdly as they act; my orders are never attended to as they ought.

Liſ. But, Sir, Mr. De Forlis—

Baron. Well, what of Mr. De Forlis?

Liſ He's this moment arriv'd, and ſo I came—

Baron. And ſo you may go—get about your buſineſs.

Liſ. What a man! [*Exit.*

The Baron *ſolus.*

De Forlis takes a bad time for his arrival;—I was juſt going out, and he ſtops me;—but I'll go and juſt ſpeak to him, and then leave him after the firſt compliments. ——— But here he comes.

De Forlis *enters.*

Baron. I'm glad to ſee you, Sir,—and your health? good, I hope!

Forlis. Sound as a rock; and thine, Baron?

Baron. Very good

Forlis. That's well. I was willing to haſten up, that I might give you my daughter, and thereby cement the ancient friendſhip ſubſiſting between us.

Baron.

Baron. I am very glad indeed, Sir, of this union—quite happy—but—

[ſeeming rather embarraſſed.

Forlis. Quite happy!—but—You make that compliment a little coldly. I don't expect much ceremony, but I like that a friend, when one arrives, ſhould ſeem glad to ſee one, on an occaſion like this too! You have not the art of receiving your friends over warmly, methinks; but I forgive appearances;—why you ſeem embarraſſed; is any thing the matter?

Baron. Pardon me, Sir, but I really am unlucky at this moment, having an engagement which indiſpenſably obliges me to go out. I'll leave you the maſter here, and fly to diſpatch a duty.

Forlis. What, the moment I arrive?

Baron. It is really indiſpenſable.

Forlis. That of being with me juſt at this time ſeems more ſo. In ſhort, I ſhall want you the whole day;—if it is a hard taſk, you muſt for once ſubmit to it.

Baron. I have twenty things to do.

Forlis. Prithee!—twenty ſuch things ought not to weigh againſt two neceſſary ones.

Baron. I have promiſed on my honour, and cannot be off.

Forlis. I know the value of ſuch promiſes.

Baron. They are actual duties,

Forlis. Yes, I could paint in three ſtrokes thoſe ſolemn duties that you ſound ſo high;—firſt, to gallop through all Paris, in a fine lacquer'd vis-à vis; ſplaſhing and running over the miſerable infantry, with your heavy cavalry; to pay your court from toilette to toilette; talk over the important news of the day, and decide learnedly upon the merits of a coat, or a ſnuff box;—theſe are the ſerious affairs, and indiſpenſable duties.

Baron. You condemn us, my dear Governor, a little haſtily;—One can't live here as you do in your fortreſs; we muſt follow the uſage of the world; what ſeems frivolous, is often very important, and carries us from the agreeable to the uſeful—Pleaſure, my dear friend, is the great bond of ſociety; by that every thing holds, every thing depends.

Forlis.

Forlis. He gives a good turn to his cauſe: and as the world goes, there may be ſomething in it.

Baron. If I myſelf, for example, have any credit with the great, 'tis to that I owe it.

Forlis. That comes very *apropos*, Baron; and to convince me, employ, I beſeech thee, all thy credit in favour to obtain that government which I have ſo long ſolicited. I am told 'tis ſtrongly conteſted, and that there is not a moment to be loſt; and this, added to the affair of your marriage, has made me haſten up. Have you taken any ſteps about it ſince I laſt writ?

Baron. Yes,—but allow me now—

Forlis. No, no, I know you too well—you ſhan't eſcape me.

Baron. Only for a moment.

Forlis. No, not a ſecond; if you once take wing, there's an end of you for the day.

Baron. Well, ſince you will then, I'll poſitively come back to dinner, though the Duke expects me.

Forlis. What a grand and prodigious ſacrifice! Sublime effort of friendſhip!—Well, ſince it muſt be, call up your equipage, and in the mean while, let's ſtep into into my apartment. [*Going.*

Baron. Stop a moment.

Forlis. Why, what's the matter?

Baron. It is not quite in order.

Forlis. What ſignifies it.—I can repoſe myſelf.

Baron. No, Sir.——

Forlis. Why not, pray?

Baron. Juſt at preſent it's occupied.

Forlis. You joke, ſure; and by whom if you pleaſe?

Baron. By a friend, a very good ſort of man.

Forlis. This is quite new?—and his name?

Baron. His name has eſcaped me.

Forlis. Excellent! nothing can be more flattering, nor more ingenuous. So my apartment is taken up by a man you don't know?

Baron. Pardon me, he is a very ingenious man—a pretty poet.

Forlis. A poet!—That a military man ſhould have my apartment—paſs—but to give way to a ſcribbler!

Baron.

Baron. I really did not expect you ſo ſoon, and he was recommended to me by perſons of the firſt diſtinction: but he goes away ſoon—and in the mean time, you are welcome to my apartment, or as we are, without ceremony—If you would go up another pair of ſtairs——

Forlis. I underſtand—that is, I may lodge in the garret——

Baron. No, 'tis a ſecond ſtory—and among friends—you'll excuſe——But I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Forlis. His neglect is ſhocking!—But I hope it proceeds from want of thought, rather than of friendſhip; —his alliance too is deſirable for my daughter; and he may ſerve me.

Enter the Abbé, *who does not ſee* Forlis.

Abbé. I have been ſeeking Liſette, and muſt have a converſation with her.——What queer old put have we got here? Some poor invalid, or half-pay officer, I fancy. [*Aſide.*

[*While the Governor ſpeaks, the* Abbé *is ſurveying him at a diſtance with a glaſs.*

Forlis. This Government would give me great credit. and I think the buſineſs is now in a good way.

Abbé. He has ſomething to aſk, I ſuppoſe, and that's my affair, [*Aſide.*] Juſt from the country, I preſume, Sir. [*To* Forlis, *who does not ſeem to hear him.*] Deaf, I fancy, [*Aſide.*] Juſt from the country, I preſume, Sir. [*Speaking loud.*]

Forlis. Yes, Sir.

Abbé. The roads are but indifferent—rather ſplaſhy.

Forlis. I did not come on horſeback, Sir.

Abbé. In the dilly, perhaps? they are very convenient now.

Forlis. No, Sir.—But I'm not deaf, Sir! [*Speaking very loud.*

Abbé. Neither on horſeback, nor in the dilly.—Travelling on foot is rather fatiguing—but gentlemen ſometimes prefer it, and find it convenient. [*Aſide.*]—[*To him.*] You may probably feel weary, Sir?

Forlis.

Forlis. I probably ſhall, Sir,

Abbé. The Baron will be here again immediately, and if I could amuſe you in the mean time, Sir—

Forlis. You are very obliging, Sir.

Abbé. You are in the military, I ſee; may I aſk in what regiment?

Forlis. In none, Sir.

Abbé. On half pay, perhaps, or in the invalids?

Forlis. You are very kind, Sir, to be ſo inquiſitive about my ſituation.

Abbé. You have probably ſomething to ſolicit with the Baron!

Forlis. It's probable I may, Sir.

Abbé. If I can be of any uſe—

Forlis. There's no need of troubling you, Sir.—I ſhall ſee the Baron myſelf.

Abbé. But he's much taken up at this time, Sir. I ſuppoſe you know that he's going to be married.

Forlis. Indeed!

Abbé. O yes, immediately—the young lady is in the houſe here—a fine young creature, indeed.—But beauty, you know, Sir—beauty is a ſhort-liv'd flower—it ſmiles in decay, as the poet ſays.

Forlis. What! is ſhe growing old?—A little paſt—

Abbé. Oh! no, poor lady! no.—She is very young and very beautiful, as I ſaid—ſhe is really charming—and yet the good Baron, I fear——

Forlis. You raiſe my curioſity. What! has ſhe no fortune? An imprudent match, I ſuppoſe—pray, who is ſhe?

Abbé. Oh, Sir! you miſtake me quite. She is daughter of a country Governor—a rich old fellow, I believe, —but— [*Points to his head.*

Forlis. Why you talk in riddles.—What! is he mad?

Abbé. Mad! O dear! no, Sir. He's a queer old ruſtic, they ſay,—has been buried in his province—one of your antediluvians.

Forlis. Ecod, I believe I'd better aſk no more queſtions—a puppy! [*Aſide.*

Abbé. Well, Sir, what ſhall I ſay for you?—What are your pretenſions?—where have you ſerved—at Neerwind or Steenkirk, or at Almanza?

Forlis. No, Sir, that's rather beyond me, though I've borne the King's commiſſion theſe forty years. But I don't love to talk of my ſervices, and have no occaſion to trouble you about them. But if I may be free in my turn—may I beg to know who you are, Sir, that intereſt yourſelf ſo particularly for me, and what may be your connexion with the Baron?

Abbé. I am a friend of the Baron's, Sir, and have the honour of being lodged here in this houſe.

Forlis. So this is the puppy of a poet who occupies my apartment. [*Aſide.*

Abbé I cultivate the Muſes too—am a little of a poet, and amuſe the Baron now and then with ſome trifles of my compoſition.

Forlis. And in what kind of poetry may your talents lie?

Abbé. Why, really, Sir, without vanity, in all—from the epic down to the epigram. I have a few little things about me—if they would divert you—[*Shews it.*] —Here's a ſentimental comedy—that was ſo moving, the Managers dare not take it; it threw a ſiſter of mine into hyſterics.

Forlis. No, pray, Sir—for pity—I am very nervous.

Abbé. Here's a little book of ſonnets—I'll chuſe a few. [*Shews a large volume.*

Forlis. No, Sir, you'll do them injuſtice—they ſhould be ſung.

Abbé. I'll fetch my harp, and accompany them.

Forlis. By no means, Sir; another time if you pleaſe.

Abbé. Here's a poem of ſome length upon Sleep, which I think would give you pleaſure.

Forlis. A bad ſubject for a long poem, Sir, and I am really not proof againſt it at preſent. I'm juſt come off a long journey.

Abbé. I have writ an epithalamium upon the Baron's marriage.

Forlis. Why that, indeed, is rather intereſting.

Abbé. You ſhall juſt hear the exordium.

" In caverns deep, where jackdaws lie,
" In ivy'd domes, where owls do cry."

There's deſcription, I think, Sir. Don't you fancy you hear them?

Forlis. Yes, 'faith, Sir, and ſee 'em too, I believe

Abbé. O no, that's too flattering—that's too much, indeed.——Pray hear how it goes on.

" Morpheus attends, inſpiring pleaſing dreams."

Forlis. Dreams!—What! do you put them aſleep, before they go to bed?

Abbé. No, no, that's a poetical flight;—only hear it out,

" Morpheus attends, inſpiring pleaſing dreams,
" While Hymen dips his torch in rich Pactolus
" ſtreams."

There's ſome novelty, I ſhould hope, in that idea.

Forlis. O yes, a great deal, indeed, Sir.—But dipping his torch in the ſtreams, are n't you afraid he ſhould put it out?

Abbé. What! in Pactolus ſtreams!—O no;—they're like ſpirits of wine, and will increaſe the flame. But pray now hear how it goes on.

" Amorous Damon ſlily creeping,
" While the beauteous maid was ſleeping."

Forlis. That's very pretty;—but ſleeping again! why your's are the ſleepieſt couple I ever knew.

Abbé. Sir! ſleepy!—very well.—You may inſult me here, Sir,—but remember I have a pen.

Forlis. Yes, Sir; and remember I have a ſtick. Your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit* Forlis.

Abbé. A croſs old fellow! and has no taſte for poetry; but I ſhall mar his ſuit with the Baron—and in the mean time think of preferring my own with the ſiſter. —So I'll now go to find Liſette, and try if I can make a friend of her with my Princeſs—Tho' Mars here frowns, Cupid may be propitious.

Cupid, God of pleaſing anguiſh,
Teach thy am'rous ſwain to languiſh.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Robert *and* Liſette.

Liſette.

So, Robert! Good-morrow t'ye: I think I have not ſeen you all this morning.

Robert. The greater my misfortune.

Liſ. So it is. I have news which you have loſt by not being more aſſiduous.

Robert. That's no misfortune at all. I'm tired of news,—I hardly ever take up the papers now—they're ſo dull.——But what's your news? for I conclude I'm doom'd to hear it.

Liſ. Oh! your ſtomach is come to, is it? but though you aſk it ſo ſaucily, I'll not baulk your curioſity. Do you know then that both our young ladies have got lovers?

Robert. The thing's not incredible, but I don't believe it.

Liſ. That's civil—and why ſo, pray? becauſe I tell you ſo?

Robert. No, but becauſe I did not find it out myſelf. —An intrigue in the family, and I not know it! that I take to be impoſſible.

Liſ Ah, poor Robert! many things eſcape thy ſhallow penetration. What do you think of the Abbé?

Robert. Why, I think him a damn'd fooliſh impertinent fellow, and a leech come to ſuck the blood of our poor maſter.

Liſ. Yes, but then he's a monſtrous favourite with our maſter.—And do you know another ſecret which I have learnt a long time ago?

Robert. I know it! no, nor you neither.

Liſ. That's polite again; but why not pray?

Robert. Becauſe you'd have told it a long time ago.

Liſ. But do you know, then, that the Abbé has a deſign upon Madam Celia; he has made me his confidante, but I hate the Abbé; the creature's as ſtingy as the devil, when he has not ſome end to ſerve; and I never knew him give any thing then but promiſes, though my maſter gives him enough, I'm ſure.——So hear my propoſal; let us feed his vanity, till it burſts and betrays him. Madam Celia deteſts him too; ſo 'twill be eaſy to get her into the plot, which then can't fail; and I have a plan here, [*Pointing to her forehead.*] which I think will do it effectually, and ſhew us ſome ſport into the bargain.——But I muſt go.

Robert. No, no, you ſhan't ſtir a ſtep, till I have heard every word.

Liſ. Oh, oh! you can have a little curioſity then. Well, provided you'll ſecond it——

Robert. O, depend upon that.

Liſ. We will pretend, then, that Madam Celia likes him, but can't marry him, being a churchman, and beſides that, ſhe can bear nothing but an officer, and he muſt appear as the Abbé's brother; that ſhe'll infallibly fall in love with him for his likeneſs; and it will be hard, if we can't get him charmingly equipped.

Robert. 'Tis an excellent device, faith; and depend upon my aſſiſtance to make as much a monkey of him as ever I can.

Liſ. Oh, that's eaſy,—the tranſition will be but ſhort. [*Bell rings.*] But there's my miſtreſs's bell; ſo away to your buſineſs, and be ſure give him encouragement enough. *Au revoir.* [*Exit* Liſ.

Robert. [*ſolus.*] 'Tis a charming plan, 'faith.

[Abbé *ſings within.*

Oh!

Oh! and here, luckily enough, the Abbé comes, while I am quite in the cue for him.

Enter Abbé *to* Robert.

Abbé. So, Mr. Robert! I'm happy to meet you. How does your good maſter do?

Robert. Very well, I hope, Sir.

Abbé. And your miſtreſs?

Robert. Who, Mademoiſelle Lucile?

Abbé. No, ſhe *is* to be your miſtreſs; but your *preſent* miſtreſs, Mademoiſelle Celia, I mean.

Robert. That's your miſtreſs, Mr. Abbé.

Abbé. My miſtreſs, Mr. Robert! What d'ye mean by that?

Robert. Mean, Sir! not much, 'faith. I often ſhoot at random, and my words have no great aim; but ſhe's very well too, Sir, and handſomer, and wiſer, and wittier every day.

Abbé. Does ſhe love poetry?

Robert. O, paſſionately, Sir.—God forgive me! I'm not ſure ſhe does not write it—I ſhould be ſorry to wrong her.

Abbé. But if ſhe makes verſes, Robert, don't you think ſhe'd like to read ſome?

Robert. That by no means follows, Sir, unleſs they were her own: but perhaps ſhe might, if ſhe liked the poet.

Abbé. If I were to ſend her a little ſonnet, now d'ye think ſhe'd be pleaſed, hey! Robert?

Robert. O yes, doubly, I believe, Sir: if ſhe were in the humour.

Abbé. Doubly, dear Robert!—Pr'ythee, what doſt mean by that, Robert?

Robert. Doubly did I ſay, Sir?—Doubly, or ſingly—or both doubly and ſingly,—I really am no prophet—I can't foretel—there's no knowing a lady's mind.—But I muſt be gone. [*Going.*

Abbé. Stop, ſtop, and tell me, dear Mr. Robert, have you heard or obſerved any thing?

Robert. Who, I, Sir!—No Sir, not I—not immediately,—and if I had——Liſette knows more of the matter —[*Bell*

—[*Bell rings.*] There's my maſter's bell. I am much miſtaken if Madam Celia has not a violent liking for you, that's all.

Abbé. (*Holding* Robert) You tranſport me!—But ſtop, dear Robert; tell me what ſhould be done.—Can I ſee her?—May I ſpeak to her?—or ſhall I write?

[*Bell rings.*

Robert. O, any thing, Sir, as opportunity offers—they'll be all agreeable, I ſuppoſe. [*Bell rings again.*] But I muſt fly. [*Exit* Robert.

Abbé, (*ſolus.*) Thou art a happy fellow, little Abbé! and Fortune certainly means to ſmile upon thee. This poor young creature is deſperately in love with me, that's certain. I wonder what they find ſo charming in me.——I am a tolerable little figure, to be ſure, yet not ſo vaſtly handſome, I think;—but Love's blind, they ſay, and ſhoots many random ſhafts—it darts them from all parts, like a porcupine.—There's no knowing.——I have compoſed a little ſonnet, which I muſt get Liſette to lay on her toilette—I think that will do no harm, with a ſmall billet to introduce it. How fortunate is her love of letters!

They live, they breathe, they ſpeak what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Baron *and the* Marquis.

Baron. Luckily, Forlis is taking his nap,—I breathe a little—*entre nous*, his friendſhip grows a little tireſome.—But to our affairs—do they go to your ſatisfaction?

Marq. I begin, indeed, to flatter myſelf a little, and a gleam of joy ſucceeds to the moſt cruel deſpair.

Baron. You charm me, dear Marquis! and depend upon my aſſiſtance in every thing. Your miſtreſs certainly likes you—that's the grand point. But no more of your fooliſh ſcruples—ſhew yourſelf more docile, and all will go well. Do you promiſe?

Marq.

Marq. I'll do my utmoſt; but ſhe's ſo inacceſſible.

Baron. Suppoſe you were to write.

Marq. I had thought of that, and have even got my letter here—but I don't know how to ſend it.

Baron. Oh! Lucile ſhall deliver it. Indeed, her friendſhip demands it, and in other hands it might fail.

Marq. That was what I fear'd—it cannot be in ſo ſure hands—and I ſhould be happy, if, in giving it myſelf, I might recommend her particular care of it.

Baron. You ſhall be ſatisfied,—ſtay a moment.

[*Exit.*

Marq. (ſolus.) He ſerves my paſſion too well—But let me baniſh all ſcruple, now that I think I may do it innocently. The Baron has to-day plainly ſhewn his contempt for the charming Lucile. He does not know her value.—Is in love with nothing but himſelf, and diſdains a happineſs his heart is not made for.—He wou'd be her tyrant rather than her huſband, and I ſhudder to think of the miſery ſhe would ſuffer,—nor could it make him happy! All, therefore, conſpires; and even my friendſhip, as well as my love, bid me go on. —But I ſee her coming.

Enter the Baron, *following* Lucile.

Baron. [*To* Lucile.] Yes; the Marquis expects a great ſervice from you, which you alone can do: he deſerves it, and remember that he is my friend.

Luc. Sir!

Baron. You muſt not oblige him by halves.

Luc. [*To the* Marq.] What is it then, Sir?

Marq. It's a letter which I earneſtly beg the favour of you to give.

Luc. To whom?

Marq. To that charming object, Madam, whoſe friend you are, and whom I adore.

Luc. (*Taking the letter.*) I will not fail, Sir, to give it.

Marq. And may I flatter myſelf that it will be well received?

Luc. I don't doubt it.

Marq.

Marq. And may I hope ſhe will anſwer it?

Luc. Yes, Sir, I believe ſo, when ſhe can.

Marq. May I hope for your intereſt?

Luc. I'll do all I can, Sir.

Baron. She anſwers really much better than ſhe did lately.—But I muſt go this moment.—Let us fly to the Counteſs; ſhe'll be impatient; our time is already come.

Marq. Pray allow me one moment. It's a point of importance which I forgot in my letter.

Luc. Well, Sir.

Marq. Without riſque to her, if through you, Madam, I could obtain, to-day, a moment's interview:

Luc. She never goes out.

Marq. Perhaps I might be allowed to ſpeak to her at her houſe:—it's a matter of great conſequence to us both.

Luc. But ſhe is under the eye of a cruel inſpector, who, through the falſe appearance of friendſhip, intimidates her and keeps her under dreadful reſtraint.

Baron. So much the better; you'll have the more ſatisfaction in relieving her.

Luc. You encourage me greatly.

Marq. Since the Baron deſires it you'll agree that it ought to be done; and remember that it may.

[*Exit* Luc.

Baron, (*To the* Marquis.) Come, let's be gone.

[*Exit* Marq.

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. [*Stopping the* Baron *who is following the* Marquis] I ſtop you at your outſet,—and it's high time, egad.

Baron. But, Sir, I have promis'd.

Forlis. That's very little to me.

Enter the Counteſs.

Counteſs, [*To the* Baron.] Very fine, Sir; is this the way people muſt wait for you? Here am I obliged to come to your own houſe and fetch you.—This neglect really ſurpriſes me.—You, who are all attention and exactneſs!

Baron.

Baron. Pray pardon this delay,—an accident.—

Count. No, Sir; this ſtroke is quite unpardonable.

Baron. It actually was not in my power, I proteſt: and I am ſtopt at this very moment.

Count. By whom, pray?

Forlis. It's by me, Madam, and I muſt have the Baron all this afternoon.

Count. But I, Sir, have engaged him for the whole day.

Forlis. With all poſſible reſpect, Madam, I muſt beg to ſay my pretenſions are ſuperior.

Count. And, with all poſſible regard to your reſpectful pretenſions, Sir, you come a little late.—I am firſt.

Baron. You ſee, Sir, I did not deceive you.

Forlis. [*To the* Baron.] But you know that we are greatly intereſted in this buſineſs; which is ſerious and preſſing for us both.

Count. Oh! that which brings me, is much more important:—It's a phænomenon, Sir, and all Paris is in an uproar!

Forlis. I am come, Madam, from the extremity of Brittany on purpoſe.

Count. And I, Sir, came a fortnight ago.

Forlis. If he delays a day, my trouble is thrown away.

Count. If this night is loſt, Sir, he'll never hear him.—He goes away to-morrow.

Forlis. Who pray? I don't comprehend.

Count. Why, Sir, the celebrated violin we are to hear to-night.

Forlis. What? what is it a fiddler, then, that conteſts my right.

Count. He plays to-night for the laſt time.

Forlis. So, this is the ſolemn indiſpenſable duty!

Count. He is quite a divine creature. Such new, ſuch harmonious ſounds!—Firſt, all ſoft and melting;—then all lightning and thunder:—in ſhort, Signor Vacarmini is quite a miracle.

Forlis. Vacarmini! Madam! or Scraparmini, miraculous as he may be, ſhould not obtain the preference before me.

Count.

Count. And pray who are you, Sir, that pretend to a competition?

Forlis. A perſon, Madam, whom the Baron ſhould prefer on this occaſion.

Count. I dare ſay you have great talents, and have no doubt of your merit;—but you, probably, are not going away ſo ſoou, and we may hear you another day.

Forlis. How, Madam!

Count. Yes:—Pray what is your excellence? the flute, or the violoncello, or the bagpipe?

Forlis. I play upon the bagpipe! The thought is quite new. Your heads are ſo filled with trifles, that there's no room for a ſerious idea.—It's rather a more important affair, Madam, which brings me to Paris.

Count. And what may this mighty affair, ſo grave, and ſo grand, be?

Forlis. It's a government which *I* am come to ſolicit.

Count. A government!

Forlis. Yes.

Count. Only that!—O, nothing is leſs preſſing; and, if you don't get this, you'll get another.—But, for the divine mortal, who is leaving Paris, the happineſs of hearing him is confin'd to this very night. The fortunate moment muſt abſolutely be ſeiz'd, or may be loſt for ever.

Baron. Yes, the Counteſs is right, and there is no reſiſting!—

Forlis. What! do you leave me, then, for a ſilly amuſement?—I thought an ancient friend might deſerve more regard!

Count. But I, Sir, am a new acquaintance, and not to be neglected.

Forlis. O, Madam, you are quite right, and if he is to decide it, will certainly be in favour of the laſt acquir'd.

Count. The pleaſure we ſhall have tranſports me already!—Come, Baron, give me your hand.

Baron. To ſuch flattering orders can one refuſe obedience?—But I'll certainly come back. [*To* Forlis.

Count. Indeed you deceive the gentleman; I ſhall run away with the Baron for the whole day.—I never derange

derange the plans I have laid. From the concert I carry him to the play, to hear the new piece which they perform to-night,—from thence to ſupper,—from ſupper to the maſquerade, where, in the habit of Flora, I ſhall detain my Zephyr till the appearance of Aurora.

Baron. I'll certainly come back—don't believe her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

Enter Abbé. [*Solus.*]

So, I think things go on tolerably well.—Robert has aſſur'd me of her liking me, and another interview with Liſette, may bring them towards a concluſion. I have prepar'd a letter and a ſonnet for Celia, which I muſt get her to lay on her toilette.

Enter Liſette *to the* Abbé.

O, Liſette, I was looking for you.

Liſ. For me, Sir?

Abbé. Yes, dear Liſette, I was anxious for a moment's converſation with you: I have a favour to beg of you.

Liſ. Of me, Sir? I have very few to ſpare, and don't beſtow them lightly.

Abbé. Only one, dear Liſette, I've a little ſonnet here, which I hope you will lay on Madam Celia's toilette.

Liſ. Well, I'm inclin'd to oblige you; but is there no harm in it?

Abbé. No, ſweet Liſette; you ſhall hear it, and a little billet to introduce it.

[*Reads the Letter and Sonnet.*]

" Divine Nymph,

" May the incloſed be received and underſtood, and believe the author faithful and diſcreet. 'Tis a poor of-

fering at the ſhrine of your beauty, but trifles are valuable when the donor is belov'd and the acceptor kind.

" I would approach, but dare not move!
" From your moſt ardently inflam'd
" and devoted,
" The Unknown."

SONNET.

Faireſt nymph, while thus I moan,
Blooming hope ſubmits to love:
The ſtars are conſcious of each groan,
Heav'n-born paſſions from above.

2.

The pitying plains ſhall ſee my anguiſh,
Bowing with a load of woe:
Morning, noon, and night, I languiſh:
All on fire, from top to toe.

3.

Through Phlegethon my limbs are wading
In thy torrid zone of charms:
Cupid aiding, love perſuading:
Take, Oh! take me to thy arms.

FINIS.

Liſ. Oh! that's very fine—Very fine (nonſenſe) [*Aſide.*] indeed, and very innocent, I'll be ſworn.—So, I'll certainly do it.

Abbé. Thank you; and, dear Liſette, have you ſeen Robert? and has he ſaid any thing to you?

Liſ. Oh, a great deal, Sir; he generally does; he's no mute.

Abbé. Aye, but any thing about me, Liſette?—I know you are both my friends.—Any thing about Madam Celia, Liſette?

Liſ. Why, yes—A good deal.—Something of a project in his excellent noddle.—But———

Abbé. Well,—and what do you think?—Tell me?—

Liſ.

Lif. Oh, it won't do at all—all a ſilly imagination of his.

Abbé. You mortify me. What! did Robert deceive me then?—Has ſhe no liking,—no partiality at all?

Lif. I can't tell that, but it won't do at all, and ſo I told him.—She might, indeed, have no diſlike to you, perhaps, but ſhe can't bear a churchman;—a canting, whining, fanatical, dogmatical, pragmatical, ſort of people, ſhe ſays;—and, then, ſhe can't abide black; it always makes her melancholy, and puts her in mind of mortality.

Abbé. But you know, Liſette, I am but half a churchman at moſt. We, Abbés, are only a kind of foſter children of good mother church, and, if we get a little of her milk, we don't care much about her doctrines.

Lif. So much the worſe; ſhe can't bear ſuch amphibious animals; you're neither fiſh nor fleſh, neither church nor lay, neither godly nor profane; but, in a middle ſort of ſtate; between heaven above and the place below; like the ſouls in purgatory.

Abbé. Why, for that we take no vows;—the hood does not make the monk, you know, and we can ſhed it when we pleaſe.

Lif. No, that won't do neither,—ſhe has taken the impreſſion now; and women's imaginations muſt be ſooth'd, or there's no dealing with them.—She has a paſſion for a cockade and feather, and can't bear the thoughts of any man but an officer. I once heard her ſay, indeed, if ever ſhe ſaw a military like the Abbé, ſhe cou'd not reſiſt him.

Abbé. Why ſure you mean to torture me:—You poiſon me with nectar, Liſette.—Never was ſuch killing kindneſs!—She wou'd like me as another, and can't bear me as myſelf.—There's no hope then?

Lif. A great deal! What! ſo ſoon in deſpair!—Fortune never favours the faint-hearted, Mr. Abbé.

Abbé. What's to be done, then?

Lif. Oh, much, Sir, with a little contrivance.—There's nothing ſo eaſy; as thus, I'll tell her you have a brother in the army, ſo like you, you can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed; this will eaſily cover a diſguiſe; you ſhall appear as an

officer, and with a little of our colouring, may be as amiable and valiant as we pleaſe.—Show yourſelf properly equipp'd, addreſs her with your natural wit, and, my word for it, *l'affaire eſt faite.* What do you think of my project?

Abbé. 'Tis charming, dear Liſette.—My dear little Minerva, and I am all on fire for the execution; and, under your auſpices, ſhall look as big as any Pruſſian grenadier.—I'm the head taller already.—But now tell me, when, and how, I ſhall proceed?

Liſ. Oh! why that's true—No time ſhould be loſt, to get away, and furniſh yourſelf immediately with a regimental.—You muſt be very ſmart and faſhionable; be ſure you make yourſelf charming. I'll do all the reſt that I can; and, in the firſt place, go and prepare my miſtreſs. Adieu.

Abbé. A regimental did you ſay? In the cavalry or the infantry?

Liſ. Why, in the cavalry, I think.—Yes, that's the ſmarteſt.—It's a pity you don't want a leg or an eye: that would make you irreſiſtible. Come back in about an hour, and walk here in the ſtreet, under her window. There you ſhall make the firſt impreſſion; but don't look up, be ſure, nor ſeem to know any thing; only ſaunter up and down with a kind of a quality ſaunter.—[*They both ſaunter ridiculouſly acroſs the ſtage.*]—I ſhall tell her who you are, and, as the Abbé's brother, may even propoſe to introduce you.—Away.

Abbé. Yes, on the wings of love, and under your banner, I go to certain victory.

Cupid aiding, love perſuading:
Take, O! take me to thy arms.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Celia. *M.* de Forlis.

Celia.

I PERCEIVE, Sir, you are not ſatisfied with my brother.

Forlis. No, Madam; and but for a particular reaſon that reſtrains me, I ſhould reſent his conduct as it deſerves.

Celia. And what new ſubject of complaint have you?

Forlis. Every one, Madam, that ought to hurt a friend like me. I followed him to the concert, and having made my way up to him through the crowd, he ſeem'd diſconcerted at my preſence; when I ſpoke to him, he ſcarce anſwered. In ſhort, I found he had the impertinent pride to be aſham'd of his friend, to treat him as a country acquaintance—out of his element, and a diſgrace to his brilliant ſociety.

Celia. I ſhould be happy if I could defend my brother—but he ſeems too much to blame.

Forlis. His folly was ſoon puniſhed, and ſeverely. Firſt, their divine ſcraper, the idol of all Paris, diſappointed them; diſconcerted the grand concert; and threw all the ſociety into deſpair. Half the company were put to flight; the reſt turned their devotion towards a new divinity. Twenty altars were erected in a minute, and all the inſtruments of ſacrifice diſplay'd,—cards, dice, lotos, pharos; and the victims bled freely, I aſſure you. The poor Baron, in ſpite of all my efforts, was carried away by the torrent. One fatal *va-*

tout overthrew him, and he loſt above five thouſand louis on credit, beſides the money he had about him.

Celia. I bluſh for his folly.

Forlis. He then left the field with the calmneſs of a hero, and the ſublime glory of a genteel player. That is, of loſing, with indifference, at a ſitting, more than would make ten poor families happy for life.

Celia. He pays a little dear for that fine title.

Forlis. What I now tell you, he imagines I am ignorant of; his misfortune, however, makes me forget my reſentment, and at this moment affects me more than my own affair. I expect him every minute to come home, in order to ſee what money he can get—as this debt muſt be paid, I believe, this very day.

Celia. So ſoon!

Forlis. Oh, yes, Madam; theſe are their *debts of honour*, as they call them, and muſt be paid upon the nail; though their tradeſmen may ſtarve.——But here he comes.

Celia. I'll retire, leſt I put you under conſtraint.

[*Exit* Celia.

Forlis. How dejected!—Poor Baron!—I believe he will now acknowledge his country acquaintance!

The Baron *enters.*

Baron (*Not ſeeing* Forlis.) [*Aſide.*] I am tortured with the horror I feel from this cruel accident, and don't know where to get the money, which ſhould be paid to-day.—Ha!—Forlis! I did not think him ſo near.——[*To* Forlis.] You come, I fear, Sir, to reproach me.

Forlis. No, don't have any apprehenſions—the moment would be ill choſen.—When my friends are unhappy, I always ſpare them.

Baron. I don't underſtand.

Forlis. You need not be myſterious with me: I am acquainted with your misfortune, and it's in vain.

Baron. Who can have told you?

Forlis. I was preſent myſelf, and ſaw you loſe a thouſand louis at a ſtroke.

Baron.

Baron. Since you know it, I muſt confeſs.—Yes, 'twas an unheard-of trick that Fortune play'd me.

Forlis. Have you got the money?

Baron. No; I have but two thouſand louis, and have made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to get it.

Forlis. But you have ſo many friends!

Baron. Vain reſource! Thoſe whom I have applied to, had not ten guineas in their purſe;—they all want money.

Forlis. Or friendſhip for thee——There, take that—there are three thouſand louis I happened to have by me.

Baron. Oh, Sir! your goodneſs—

Forlis. No compliments. My money is profitably laid out, when it ſerves my friend; and his relief overpays me.

Baron. Sir, you not only forerun my applications, but prevent my acknowledgments.

Forlis. I ſave you a trouble then, and am the happier for it. I think I have ſome reaſon to complain, however, that you did not give me the preference, and went to others, when you might have applied to a friend, who has a pleaſure in ſerving you; and far from reſenting your faults, has a double ſatisfaction in forgiving them.

Baron. I acknowledge them all freely, and ſincerely aſk your pardon.

Forlis. If your remorſe it real, it effaces them all;—but you may do it ſtill more effectually.—Now is the moment, I am told, to puſh my affair; that we have dangerous competitors, and that this very day probably will decide it. I have appointed to meet the Miniſter this evening at ſix; and if you ſecond me now, we ſhall have the greateſt hopes of ſucceſs. Don't fail to be here, that we may go together; I know you have great weight with him.

Baron. You may depend upon me.

Forlis. No forgetfulneſs, d'ye hear?

Baron. I'll juſt ſtep out to pay the money, and will come and call you;—you ſhall not ſtay a moment for me.

Forlis. 'Tis excellent, if you do but keep your word; and *this* time, I hope I may depend upon you.

[*The* Baron *goes out while he is ſpeaking, and* Forlis *follows.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Celia's *apartment. Table, pen, ink, and paper.*

Celia *and* Liſette.

Liſ. Oh, Madam! I'm impatient to tell you a ſecret I have learnt—Mademoiſelle Lucile has a paſſion, and your brother, as is fit, has a favour'd rival.

Celia. What an idea!

Liſ. 'Tis moſt certainly ſo, Madam, and I have the ſtrongeſt proof.

Celia. What may that be, pray?

Liſ. I ſurpriſed her, Madam, opening the love-letter, which ſhe hid the moment ſhe ſaw me.

Celia. Nonſenſe! 'twas a letter from ſome friend.

Liſ. No, no; no ſuch thing. Her bluſhes betray'd her; and one is not in ſuch haſte to huddle away an indifferent letter. [*Making the motion of thruſting a letter in her pocket.*] They attribute her ſilence and melancholy to ſtupidity; but they are much miſtaken, Madam; 'tis all ſheer love, or I'll be hang'd for it. This is not the firſt time I have thought ſo. I have watch'd all her ways, and ſee ſhe has every ſymptom of a love-ſick heart, and I have tolerable judgment in that diſeaſe, Madam; but I go farther ſtill, and am convinced I have alſo diſcover'd the object of her paſſion.

Celia. So!—indeed!

Liſ. Yes, Madam; for, ever ſince the Marquis has been here, I perceive a ſtrange alteration;—I ſee joy painted in her countenance—nay, what's more, have obſerved certain looks that ſpeak the intelligence of two ſympathizing hearts.——'Tis abſolutely he, I'll be anſwerable.

Celia. This is all the imagination of thy fooliſh brain.

Liſ. They certainly love one another, take my word.——But ſhe is coming this way, to read the letter, I don't

don't doubt.—Here, Madam, let us hide ourſelves in this dark room, and obſerve her.

Celia. No, Liſette; let us reſpect her ſecret;—that which one ſteals from a friend, is a ſhameful theft—Let us leave her. [*Exeunt.*

Lucile *enters alone.*

Luc. At laſt I'm alone, and can read, without conſtraint, my dear lover's letter. He alone reigns in my heart, and nothing elſe can aſſuage my grief. [*Reads.*] "No, dear Lucile, never was a ſituation ſo ſingular as "ours, nor a man ſo wretched as I am. I ſee you every "hour, without an opportunity to explain myſelf, and "every hour adds to my anxiety. You are on the "point of being given to another, and I dare not com-"plain. I could bear it if your marriage cauſed my un-"happineſs only,—but it will complete yours;—I ſee "it, I know it, and can't remedy it;—'tis that which "cauſes my deſpair. Adieu! Without an imme-"diate anſwer I can no longer ſupport it." [*Having read the letter*] What a conflict between hope and fear, between pleaſure and pain!—The agitations of my heart are not to be expreſſed! Sentiments like mine can only be felt. But here are pen and ink, I'll anſwer it immediately. [*She writes.*

"Dear Marquis, if a ſincere return, and the natural "expreſſions of the moſt ardent paſſion, can conſole you, "you ſhall be ſatisfied. The pains which you feel are "my greateſt torment."

[*She interrupts her writing, to ſpeak this, then continues again till the* Baron *comes in.*

The Baron *enters.*

Baron. (*Not ſeeing* Lucile.) Well I have paid this debt, my heart is now at eaſe.—But what do I ſee! Lucile with pen and ink!—She never thinks, how can ſhe write?——Let's ſee a little what ſhe ſays,—I fancy it will be diverting. [*To* Lucile.] Pray, may I aſk, without being too curious, to whom you are writing?

Luc.

Luc. Ah! [*With ſurpriſe.*

Baron. Don't let my preſence alarm you. You need not be afraid. I only aſk'd whom you are writing to.

Luc. (*In confuſion.*) I am writing to nobody—Sir, they are a few lines without meaning, and only writ as an exerciſe!

Baron. It does not ſignify,—pray let me ſee them; you won't refuſe, I hope, when I deſire it.

Luc. How I tremble! (*Aſide.*

Baron. Come, let's ſee.

Luc. The ſpelling—Sir—I write ſo ill—Indeed, I'm afraid— [*With great embarraſſment.*

Baron. You're in the wrong!—I'll correct it.

Luc. You'll never be able to read my writing—and you'll laugh at me, I'm ſure.

Baron. O, you're like a child!

Luc. No, but indeed I'm in earneſt.—I know the opinion you have of me, and this will make it worſe.

Baron. Silly excuſes! Give it me. [*Angrily.*

[*Takes the letter from her and reads it.*

This puts an end to the diſpute.

The Marquis *enters.*

Marq. (at a diſtance.) I perceive the Baron and Lucile—but he's reading a letter. I hope he has not ſurpriz'd her!

Baron. I doubt if I am awake, and don't know what to think.—Speak! is it you who have writ this?

Luc. Yes.

Baron. I can't recover from my ſurprize.—The more I read this letter, the more I am aſtoniſh'd! the language is refined, and the moſt delicate ſentiment reigns in every line. [*To* Lucile.] Charming idler! Is it thus that under an air of ſimplicity, you concealed your talents? Is this the ſtupidity I have complained of? [*Reads aloud.*] "I know that they think me void of "ſenſe; but it is for *you* alone I wiſh to have any." I need not aſk to whom this is addreſſed; and I feel all the delicacy of the reproach. I bluſh to think how I have deſerved it;—but henceforward my ſentiments ſhall be governed by the warmth and tenderneſs of yours.

Luc.

Luc. The miſtake is lucky! (*Aſide.*

Baron. This confuſion—theſe amiable bluſhes—confirm my happineſs. What joy!—She loves me.—Oh! how dull muſt I be, not to ſee through her reſerve and timidity!—I can accuſe nothing but my own blindneſs; and her letter is at once a ſatire on me, and a juſtification of herſelf.

Marq. (aſide.) The joy I feel is inexpreſſible: but I'll advance; it may ſave her from farther embarraſſment.

Baron. O Marquis! are you there?—My happineſs is now complete. I have found in Lucile every thing I thought wanting;—ſhe's all perfection, and her wit equals her beauty. But you ſhall be judge yourſelf;—hear the charming letter ſhe has been writing to me—you will be delighted!—Hear, pray.

" I know that they think me void of ſenſe, but it is " for you alone I wiſh to have any; and could I con- " vince you, that the qualities of my head equalled the " tenderneſs of my heart, the whole world beſide may " think me fooliſh, and ſtupid, if they pleaſe. The de- " jection into which the dread of being forgot by you " had plung'd me, might eaſily give that idea; and " ſince I have ſeen you here, your preſence has thrown " me into an embarraſſment that might confirm it. In " the cruel ignorance of my fate, the agitation of my " heart took away the liberty of my expreſſion, and I " was too much occupied with feeling, to have the li- " berty of thinking."

My dear Marquis, was ever any thing ſo charming! and is not that concluſion adorable!

Marq. You can't be more delighted with it than I am.

Luc. You commend my letter more than it deſerves.

Baron. No; nothing can be equal to my admiration, or my ſurprize. I ſhould expiate my crime at your feet. I thought you without ſenſe, and 'tis I who am a fool!

Luc. Pray, riſe, Sir; you add to the confuſion I am in.

Baron. 'Tis I that ought to bluſh for my conduct, and I can never do enough to atone for it. She is perfect,

and nothing would be wanting to my ſatisfaction, if you had the ſame reaſon to be happy.

Marq. I aſſure you, Sir, that I have.

Baron. What! has your miſtreſs, then, return'd you an anſwer?

Marq. Yes, Sir, and by a letter which enchants me: and it is to Mademoiſelle I owe it.

Luc. In that, Sir, I did but follow my inclination.

Enter Liſette.

Liſ. I beg pardon, Sir; but there's the Ducheſs below, who deſires to ſpeak to you; ſhe ſays ſhe is in great haſte, and cannot ſtay a moment.

Baron. Very well, I'll wait upon her.

Marq. You are going out, then?

Baron. No, I'm going to tell her I cannot poſſibly attend her. I have promiſed M. de Forlis to be here at ſix, and I ſhall not have time. (*Exit* Baron.

Liſ. He'll not be back ſo ſoon, Madam; the Ducheſs will infallibly carry him off; and there's the Counteſs with her; he can never reſiſt their joint efforts.—But there goes the coach,—and I'll be ſworn they have taken him.—I'll go down and know. They love one another, I ſee, and it's pity to interrupt them. (*Aſide, and exit.*

Marq. I have at laſt obtained the opportunity I ſo earneſtly wiſhed for, and may now ſpeak to you without conſtraint. O, Lucile! have you wiſhed for it as earneſtly as I have?—No; you do not anſwer, and your heart's oppreſſed.

Luc. I can hardly bear the tranſports which I feel, and words are too weak to expreſs them —O Marquis! to be thus ſilent,———is it not ſaying all?

Marq. Did you then feel happy at our meeting?

Luc. My eyes ſeemed opened from the deepeſt night: in your's a heavenly light ſhone upon me. At the ſweet ſound of your voice, I felt that I revived, and love gave me a new being! I ſeem'd not to exiſt in your abſence, and only began to live at your return.

Marq.

Marq. Forgive, if in the tranſport I feel—*(Kiſſes her hand.)*—May I then think you love me?

Luc. Can you then doubt it?

Marq. No—but there's a magic charm in thoſe words; pray, repeat them.

Luc. Yes, Marquis, I love you!—*you*, and you alone.

Marq. And I adore you.—But, Lucile, how dear muſt I ſoon pay for theſe happy moments! My joy is troubled by the moſt cruel alarms. Your father has ſolemnly engaged you to the Baron, whoſe paſſion for you is increaſed by his diſcovery of your talents. He will now ſtudy to pleaſe you; his rank is great, and his figure agreeable; your father too will uſe his authority. Theſe thoughts torment me, and I have every thing to fear.

Luc No; whatever form he takes, he will gain nothing. If the blind attachment my father has for him did not prevent me, I ſhould throw myſelf at his feet, and declare my reſolution never to marry a man I hate, and who would make my whole life miſerable.

Marq. Take care, leſt by any raſh ſtep you make your ſituation ſtill worſe. Conſider the warmth of your father's temper, and his ſtrong determination in favour of the Baron;—let *me* rather ſuffer, than do any thing that expoſes you to cenſure, or to the reſentment of your father.

Luc. But conſider how ſhort our time may be, and that every moment ſeems to advance theſe deteſted nuptials. That thought kills me. I ſhould not think him ſupportable, were I indifferent to you: judge then, what his confident paſſion loſes by the compariſon with a lover, young and virtuous—tender and reſpectful.—You, Marquis, poſſeſs every ſolid merit; he, only the maſk and perfidious varniſh. He is form'd to dazzle, and be admired; *you* to love, and be beloved:—he, by every word and action, would be the hero of all Paris—but you are mine.

Marq. O, Lucile! ſuch kindneſs overcomes me: yes, it is a love like mine alone that can deſerve you.

Enter Liſette.

Liſ. Oh, pray go on, Sir—don't let me interrupt you.

Luc. Heavens!—'tis Liſette.—

Liſ. You need not be afraid, Madam; I intereſt myſelf for you both.—Far from hurting, it ſhall be my buſineſs to ſerve you.—Pardon me for diſturbing you; but here's your father coming, and I thought it was not neceſſary he ſhould be witneſs to your friendly converſation.

Luc. Thank you, dear Liſette; I am obliged to you,

Marq. What! are you going?

Luc. With pain I muſt leave you. I dare not ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. So! where's the Baron? I come to call him.

Marq. They have taken him away for a minute, much againſt his will.

Forlis. Who can have conſtrained him?

Marq. 'Twas ſome unforeſeen affair.—The Ducheſs came to her coach, and would abſolutely have him go. He could not help it.

Forlis. Juſt when he was to go and aſſiſt me in my ſolicitation;—when the hour was fix'd, he breaks his engagement.

Marq. If it is an affair of ſuch conſequence, he'll certainly meet you.

Forlis. 'Tis the Government I have been ſo earneſt to obtain, and which will be given immediately;—he had better not forget. If he adds this ſtroke, it ſhall be the laſt. [*Exit* Forlis.

Marq. (ſolus.) The Baron has certainly forgot, and Forlis is juſtly offended. I muſt endeavour to ſerve him myſelf in this affair, which I ſee he has greatly at heart.

heart. I can do much with my uncle; he loves me, and has great influence. I'll go this moment, and to engage him the more, will discover my love for the daughter.

E'en ſtubborn conſcience may this ſtep approve;
For who'd not ſerve a friend, to ſerve his love?

Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Liſette, *ſola.*

WELL, our plot's pretty well advane'd, I think, and near its concluſion.

Enter Robert.

So, Robert, all ſucceeds to our wiſh; the gull is fairly caught. Madam Celia has done her part admirably. He believes her mortally in love; ſhe has acquainted the Baron too with the whole, and by-and-by will introduce him, when he may depend on a proper reception.

Rob. Oh, pray let us have the diverſion too;—let him appear in full court.

Liſ. By all means. He has promiſed to meet me here; and Madam Celia will bring the Baron. I wiſh you had ſeen him ſtrutting before Madam Celia's window, like a daw in his peacock's feathers. But hiſt! here he comes.

Enter the Abbé.

Well, Sir, I hope you're ſatisfied. You've turn'd my poor miſtreſs's head, I ſee;—in ſhort, ſhe's your own: but we muſt manage with diſcretion, for fear of diſcovery.

Abbé. Yes, dear adorable Liſette, I'm all rapture, and will be all bounty.

Liſ. Oh, in ſhowers of gold, I don't doubt! but no play, no pay, Sir; and, in the mean time, moderate your tranſports, or we may pay forfeit yet:—we muſt be

be circumſpect; and pray, take care of the Baron—he's implacable, when he's angry.

Abbé. You terriſy me, Liſette!

Rob. And above all, avoid the Governor;—he's monſtrouſly ſuſpicious; and then he's a walking gazette, and as curious as a chambermaid into the bargain.

Liſ. There was no need of that pretty ſimile, Mr. Robert.

Abbé. I'd better go out of the way immediately.

Rob Why, 'twill be ſafeſt, indeed; he'd have no mercy, if he diſcover'd you. Gadſo! talk of the devil, they ſay—here he is coming, 'faith!

Abbé. Oh, dear Robert, let me be hid.

Rob. Impoſſible, Sir! He has ſeen us, and it's too late.

Abbé I'd get into a nutſhell.—

Rob. I tell you it's impoſſible; ſo you muſt abſolutely be introduc'd now, and make the beſt of it.

Abbé. Introduc'd! I'd as lief be introduced to Old Nick. He's the devil of a fellow! I han't forgot the adventure of this morning neither.

Enter M. de Forlis.

Forlis. So, Robert! Is the Baron at home?

Rob. No, Sir.

Forlis. Who's that cavalry officer?

Rob That is Captain Rymer, Sir, brother to the Abbé.—I'll introduce him.—[*To the* Abbé.] Captain, this is Monſieur de Forlis, the Governor, a friend of the Baron's.——[*To* Forlis] The Captain, Sir, is a man of diſtinguiſh'd character and ſervice; has been in a hundred battles and ſieges, and is as brave as Alexander.

Abbé. Hiſt! huſh! Sure you are mad, Robert, why you'll diſcover all, and ruin me for ever.

[*Pulls* Robert's *ſleeve.*

Rob. He ſerv'd all the laſt war, diſtinguiſh'd himſelf exceedingly, and can give you an account of all his campaigns.

Abbé. [*Aſide.*] So, now it comes, and I ſhall be queſtioned like a ſhop-lifter! I wiſh I had never ſeen

theſe curſed regimentals!—A pretty Alexander, indeed! —Why, I'm in a tremor before the action begins.

Forlis. You ſerved in the laſt war, Sir; and I make no doubt, are maſter of all the tranſactions of thoſe campaigns. Were you in America, or in the Eaſt Indies?

Abbé. (*aſide*) Gad, it's all one to me—I don't know which to have been in. [*To* de Forlis.] Oh, in America, Sir.—I ſerv'd the whole war there.

Forlis. Pray, in what poſt, if I may aſk?

[*The* Abbé *heſitates.*

Rob (*whiſpers.*) As Captain of cavalry.

Abbé. As Captain of cavalry, Sir.

Forlis. You ſurprize me, Sir! I never heard that any French cavalry were upon that expedition.

Abbé. (*aſide.*) 'Egad nor I neither. He ſweats me like a mohock.—What ſhall I ſay? [*Heſitating.*] No, Sir, no cavalry—I ſerved as an engineer, Sir.—I had always a love for that branch.

Forlis. That's very uncommon in the cavalry! And pray, Sir, was it in the north or the ſouth you were chiefly employ'd?

Abbé. Oh, in North America, Sir.

Forlis. Yes, I conclude ſo, Sir; but I mean, in the northern or ſouthern diſtricts.

Abbé Oh, in the ſouth, Sir,—that is—in the ſouth of the north, I mean.

Forlis. Were you much annoyed by the Tribes? Did they come down and plunder you?

Abbé. (*aſide*) Tribes! Who the devil does he mean? Is he got among the Jews? [*To* Forlis.] Why, Jews are an impoſing race; but we had no great dealings.

Forlis. Jews! No, Sir;——I mean the native tribes —the Cherokees and Chactaws, or the Outawaws, and Tuſcaroras, did they moleſt you?

Abbé. (*Aſide.*) Some beaſts of the woods, I ſuppoſe. ——Yes, Sir, yes, pretty much; they devour'd ſome of our ſtragglers now and then.

Forlis. I did not know they were ſo voracious; but you'd have been a rare morſel for them—you'd have made a beautiful ſcalp!——You were at the ſiege of

of Charles Town, no doubt? That was much in your way.

Abbé. Oh, very much in our way. 'Twas a very tough morſel too; and but for a lucky ſtroke by one of *our* department, might have laſted till this time.

Forlis. A long ſiege, indeed, Sir! And pray, what might that *great ſtroke* be?

Abbé. Why, ſeeing the difficulty of advancing, Sir, by a plan I laid, we ſtole a march, and ſurprized the place.

Forlis. That was ſurprizing indeed! for I have always underſtood, that our friends defended Charles Town, and that the attack was made by the Britiſh.

Abbé. The Britiſh, Sir!—Oh, no, Sir. You'll excuſe me, Sir; ſure I ought to know, who was preſent.

Forlis. You ought, indeed, Sir: but all accounts of the affair contradict it. Your memory muſt fail you, Sir, I fancy.

Enter the Baron *and* Celia.

Celia. Sir, this is the Abbé—— the Captain, I mean, brother to your friend the Abbé.

Baron. You are but lately from abroad, I underſtand, Sir—Have ſerved the laſt campaigns?

Abbé Yes, Sir.

Forlis. Oh, yes, Sir, and the Captain has given an exceeding good account of them; only his memory is ſhort, and he forgets which ſide he fought of.

Baron He's amazingly like the Abbé, the very ſame ſize and make.

Celia Every feature too—only a little fairer—the eyebrows ſo much lighter, and that fine colour—that military air too;—then the leg and the foot.——The Abbé has not that pretty little foot like an ace of ſpades.

Abbé. Zounds! how they take me over. [*Aſide.*

Celia. Pray, let's ſee; is that wound very deep, Captain? I've a curioſity—pray, let's ſee.

[Celia *goes up to the* Abbé; *and* Liſette, *at the ſame time, takes off his hat.*

Forlis. You'd better take to your pen, Captain. The ſword's rather troubleſome.

Abbé.

Abbé. I'd better take to my heels! ——I'm betray'd —and now for a military retreat. (*Aſide.*) Sir, I don't underſtand, Sir.—Do you mean to affront—

[*To* Forlis, *going up to him, and pretending to draw his ſword, then running off.*

Baron. Stop him—he ſhall go to the Baſtile.

(*The ſervants ſtop him.*

Forlis. By no means;—the blanket or horſe-pond would do better. Beſides, he has amuſed us, and what would you have of a monkey but his tricks?——You may thank yourſelf for his entrance into the houſe, and you may thank him for leaving it.

Baron. Away with him!—(*They carry him off*) (*To* Forlis.) And now let me ſhew you into your apartment. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room.*

Luc. (*alone.*) My father is gone out, and the Marquis promiſed to come. What can detain him? Even his love does not inſure my happineſs, and every moment of abſence revives my fears: perhaps muſic may aſſuage them. (*Takes a lute and ſings.*

Wonder not if thus I'm mute,
Nor think it is a vain pretence;
Babbling mirth with joy may ſuit,
But to grief it gives offence.

Spring th' enraptur'd plains adorning,
Wakes the jocund voice of love;
With the wintry blaſts returning,
Silence reigns throughout the grove.

Joy and Damon are but one:
All is grief if he depart;
'Tis the abſence of the ſun;
'Tis the winter of the heart.

Enter

Enter Liſette.

Luc. Take my lute. (*To* Liſette.

Liſ. I have been thinking of my maſter's alteration, and dread the effect your letter has had upon him. This may make him give up his Counteſs, and his *bon ton*, and become a troubleſome lover. It's a dangerous thing to have too much wit, Madam.

Luc. Pr'ythee don't be jocoſe—you make me tremble. How much better was his contempt!

Liſ. Very true, Madam; and his ill humour into the bargain.—But I hear ſomebody coming in haſte—'tis a lover's ſtep, Ma'am!

Luc. Oh, yes, 'tis the Marquis!—How my heart beats!—[*Exit* Liſette.] O, Heaven! 'tis the Baron.

Enter the Baron *and the* Counteſs.

Count. No, no; whatever you may ſay, I'm reſolved not to leave you.

Baron. I am vex'd to death! The cruel Counteſs here would drag me to the new comedy, though I could think of nothing but you. Your eyes afford a more brilliant entertainment—the only one which from henceforth I ſhall ever find intereſting.

Count. What do I hear!—He really talks like a languiſhing lover.

Baron. And I am the very thing.

Count. You in love!

Baron. Deſperately.

Count. I am ſhock'd at the tranſport he ſhews! Poor Baron! What will become of him?

Baron. (*To* Lucile.) This very day, I hope, concludes the marriage! and your father———

Luc. (*Interrupting him eagerly.*) Have you ſeen him, Sir?

Baron. Flattering eagerneſs!—No, I was not able; and much againſt my will, fail'd in my appointment with him.—But, adorable Lucile!—

Count. I am all aſtoniſhment!—It's abſolute inſanity.—Why, Baron, if this continues, we muſt put on you

a ſtrait waiſtcoat.—This is twenty times worſe than marrying.

Baron. My ardor is perfect.

Count. Perfect ardors!—O Heavens!——But my dear, ardent Baron, adoring and languiſhing in the diſmal tone you do, for Heaven's ſake, tell me what we ſhall do with you?—Why, nobody will keep company with you.

Baron. I ſhall divide myſelf, Madam, between her and the world.

Count. No, the world can't bear a lover—it has abſolutely quarrel'd with love;—they can't bear one another. One is lively and amuſing, the other dull and tireſome. The world makes ſomething of a blockhead, and love turns a ſenſible man into a blockhead.

Luc. That picture of love is not very flattering!

Count. No, my little angel; it's painted much more charming in your eyes.

Baron. In ſpite of your wit, love poliſhes our minds.

Count. The company of our ſex, if you pleaſe, not the love. To be good for any thing, you muſt, indeed, live with women—have a taſte for them; but no attachment;—no ardors, no adorations!

Luc. I have hitherto been told, that we were objects worthy of an attachment.

Count. I perceive our little friend here is ſentimental!—'Tis an error to be forgotten at her age—an age to read novels; to think dying for love the charmingeſt of all charming things,—and that there's no ſure way of being happy, but by making ourſelves very miſerable! I remember I was in love myſelf at fourteen—had a *belle paſſion* myſelf for a ſchool-boy, which laſted a whole month! during which I pin'd and languiſh'd moſt conſtantly.

Baron. 'Twas indeed a moſt exemplary conſtancy!

Count. Love appears then a charming thing, does not it?

Luc. At my age, Madam, 'tis a ſubject one ſhould be ſilent upon.

Count.

Count. If you marry, however, chuſe a huſband of your own age. That would not be the Baron's advice —but it's mine.

Luc. She's a ſimpleton who gives pretty good advice! [*Aſide, and exit.*

Count. No, Baron, indeed I can't bear this fooliſh marriage. If it takes place, then adieu our friendſhip! I'd as ſoon have one with a man going to be executed, which is indeed much the ſame thing. All Paris will look upon you as a dead man;—inſtead of an epithalamium, they'll write your epitaph, and the paſſengers will read over your door,

Here lies interr'd, tho' not depriv'd of life,
The Baron, buried near his loving wife!

[*Exit.*

The Baron, *ſolus.*

She is in the right; I feel the ſolidity of her reflections, and tremble at them;—but love at this moment, is the maſter, and muſt be obeyed.

Enter M. de Forlis.

Baron. I waited for you here, on purpoſe to beg—

Forlis. And I come, Sir, on purpoſe to thank you. You have aſſiſted me ſo effectually, that the Government is given to another; and the Miniſter, I have reaſon to know, would have given it me, if you had been there to ſecond my ſuit.

Baron. 'Twas by an unlucky accident.

Forlis. Say rather, by your negligence.

Baron. No, it was not in my power. I ſhould have flown to you, but was ſtopped by—

Forlis. I don't liſten to you.

Baron. I met a moſt inſuperable obſtacle, and was——

Forlis. Yes, I know it—very quietly at the play!

Baron. Yes—but—

Forlis.

Forlis. Nothing can excuſe your proceeding—For theſe ten years paſt, I have fulfilled all the duties of our friendſhip, and you have neglected them;—I have had all the burthen of it, and you the advantage.

Baron. I have always been happy to ſhew my zeal.

Forlis. Yes, you give me an excellent proof of it! All that I aſked of your zeal, was to ſay a ſingle word to the Miniſter;—my fate depended upon it—upon a ſingle word, and I could not obtain it.—Your frivolous heart denies my friendſhip theſe precious moments, and that to employ them—on what noble purpoſe?—why to give thy ſublime judgment on a new play!

Baron. But they kept me by force.

Forlis. Trifling excuſe.

Baron. Sir, I promiſe———

Forlis. Pray, do any thing elſe,—you've promiſed enough. And now, Baron, I tell you very civilly, but with the moſt firm and unalterable reſolution, I ſhall henceforth have no more for you than a courtly eſteem,—one of your dear *bon ton* connections;—but do not expect that I ſhould be your friend, nor you my ſon-in-law.

Baron. If you reject me as a friend, and feel no regard *for me*, don't at leaſt be ſo ſevere to your daughter. Shew yourſelf a father, if not a friend; and ſince I am forced to declare it—know that her paſſion equals mine,—and that a mutual tenderneſs———

Forlis. What! does my daughter love you?

Baron. Yes, Sir,—and to give you an undoubted proof of it—read that letter of her own writing, and you'll ſee, that by diſappointing our mutual expectation, you'll make *her* miſerable as well as myſelf.

Forlis. (*After reading the letter, which he gives back*) To prove to you that I am not unjuſt, nor governed by my reſentment, I conſent that my daughter ſhall determine for herſelf,—though I muſt tell you, Sir, that I believe you'll not make a better huſband than a friend!—But even that danger is leſs for her, all things conſidered, than the dreadful miſery of having her inclination forced, and being joined to a man ſhe does not love.—I love my daughter too well to ſacrifice her ſo. The tenderneſs of fathers ſhould give bounds to their authority;

authority;—and we ſhould remember, that Heaven has given us power over our children to be their ſupport, and not their tyrants.

Baron. I ſubmit to your deciſion.

Liſette *enters.*

Forlis. Liſette!

Liſ. Here, Sir.

Forlis. Tell my daughter I want her; let her come down immediately. [*Exit* Liſ.

Baron. You reſtore me to life in acting thus.

Forlis. I claim no thanks on that account, Sir, as it is for my daughter's ſake alone I do it,

The Marquis *enters.*

Marq. I come, Sir, to clear up your miſtake about the Government, and to let you know that an arrangement is made, by which you will obtain it.

Forlis. I underſtood it was given to another.

Marq. No, Sir; he was nam'd, but the place was not given. My uncle, who had ſpoke for him, has got it chang'd. You are to have the vacant Government, and he is to have your's with a penſion.

Forlis. I cannot ſay enough, Sir, of the ſatisfaction this gives me, nor of my obligation to the hand from which I receive it.

Enter the Counteſs, Lucile *and* Liſette.

Forlis. Come nearer, daughter, and attend to me—This is the moſt critical and important moment of your life.—I underſtand the Baron has gained your affections;—I don't blame you, nor condemn your paſſion, which I had authoriſed by my choice,—Speak.—I leave you full liberty to determine.

Baron. I hope for a favourable deciſion from your own mouth. Speak, Lucile, and confirm my happineſs.

Marq. Though ſure ſhe loves me, I have not his confidence, and even tremble at her deciſion. [*Aſide.*

Baron. What's the matter?——You remain cruelly ſilent, when a ſingle word may confirm our happineſs.

What can make you heſitate?—What have you to fear?—You need only repeat what you've already ſaid in that charming letter; and you ſhouldn't bluſh at it—it does you too much honour.

Count. What letter does he talk of?

Baron. Here, Madam, this letter, which ſhe wrote to me. [*Gives the letter to the* Counteſs.

Count. (*To* Lucile.) And that letter, my dear, has declared your choice, and the man to whom you wrote it?———

Baron. Is alone worthy of you.—Don't you acknowledge it as your father has done?

Luc. Yes, Sir, I acknowledge it;—he is alone worthy of my love!

Baron. O Lucile! by that avowal, you have pronounc'd my happineſs.

Luc. I have not pronounc'd, Sir,—You are miſtaken.

Baron. In what?—Have you not own'd the letter you wrote to me?

Luc. No.

Baron. What do you mean?

Count. Why, that it was not you?—'twas writ to an abſent man.

Baron. Madam!

Count. But, Sir! hear. [*Reads.*] "The dejection "into which the dread of being forgot by you"—Forgot! [*To the* Baron.] Could ſhe forget you, who were always tormenting her? [*Reads again.*] "*Since I have ſeen you here*"—Seen you here!—Juſt arriv'd, my dear Baron.

Baron. But the Marquis knows—

Count. Let him ſpeak, then.—Marquis!—why you're all in confuſion!

Forlis. Daughter, does the Marquis know your ſecret?—Anſwer me directly.

Luc. Yes, Sir, he knows it.

Count. Since you know it, you ſhou'd declare.—Silent!—Oh! I think I have a little ſuſpicion.—She confeſſes he knows her ſecret—he is all confuſion, as well as herſelf, and will not ſpeak—I'll be hang'd if he is not the fortunate lover!—Oh, yes, 'tis abſolutely ſo.

Forlis;

Forlis. I ſhould be very glad.

Luc. The Counteſs has gueſs'd it.

Baron. But the letter—

Luc. Was for him;—you took it from me.

Baron. I am thunderſtruck!

Count. You are not the object of her love!—Dear Baron, I am delighted. [*Embraces the* Baron.

Forlis. I much approve your choice—and while you are procuring your own happineſs, you are paying a debt for your father;—I owe the Government I have obtain'd entirely to him.—Come, my dear children, let's leave this houſe from which every thing ought to baniſh us, and conclude elſewhere your happy union.——You, Baron, ſhall have no longer any thing to reſtrain you, and may go from morning to night with the amiable Counteſs, to hear concertos, ſonatas, and Vacarminis, as long as you pleaſe.

Count. His marriage is abſolutely off then!—I can't contain myſelf for joy. And now, from me, a moſt learned profeſſor,

One leſſon take, 'tis this—Each mortal elf,
If he knows nothing elſe, ſhould know himſelf;
Nor friend, nor huſband—you ſhould ever be,
You're charming as you are, we muſt agree,
And to be happy too—be always free.

FINIS.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM